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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE decision of the West Riding Land and Property Owners' Association to test the validity of the notorious Form IV. is very welcome news. Inquisitorial inquiries, such as are embodied in the form, are an outrage on a free people. Recent legislation of the Government has all tended to bureaucracy and the repression of individualism. This, of course, is the natural consequence of the Socialist heaven, which the Government have either not the will or the firmness to reject. We agree with the proposed action. In our view the notice requiring the filling-in of Form IV. is ultra vires, illegal, and void. The West Riding Association allege that the officer to whom the particulars are required to be furnished is the village blacksmith. It would not be a greater scandal to direct that the particulars should be furnished to the village parrot. Again, and we speak with knowledge, whilst some small owners have received the Form with the threatened penalty of £50 if not promptly filled in, some large owners have not received the Form at all. Was there ever such "government" outside of Colney Hatch?

It surely is no light matter that the policy of persecuting the publican will impose an increase in the amount which the ratepayers of London will have to pay, amounting, it is estimated, to £800,000 per annum. When it is remembered that a far greater loss will accrue to the Imperial Exchequer, which the ratepayer, in his capacity of taxpayer, will have to provide, the outlook cannot be viewed with complacency. The fact is that the policy of harassment all round is a ruinous one. In these restless days it is almost useless to preach the doctrine of "laissez faire." It is, however, a policy which wisdom would often indicate. As regards the licensed trade, the rational legislation passed by the Unionist Government for the gradual reduction of redundant licences, the trade itself providing compensation, was working with great smoothness and

efficiency. Smoothness and efficiency are, however, precisely the factors which are as hateful to the temperance fanatic as they are to the Socialist firebrand. Therefore, financial equilibrium must be overset in order that the tenets of the all-righteous may have a speedy triumph. There is one consolation. It is that these gentry have got to pay this time.

The question of politics from the pulpit is unhappily attracting to itself increasing gravity. We read, although we do not vouch for the details, of a flagrant instance of the persecution of a Nonconformist minister because, following the dictates of his conscience, he voted for the Conservative candidate at the last General Election. He has been forced to close his chapel and retire from the ministry. We fear that the case we have quoted is no isolated instance. We wish, as we have been and are friendly and on excellent terms with our Nonconformist neighbours, that we could think that such happy relations as our own exist throughout the country generally. We seek light on this matter, and we hope that it will be vouchsafed to us.

The great Army manœuvres in the neighbourhood of Salisbury Plain have commenced, and already we hear bitter complaints on the lack of aeroplanes. The writers who have returned from the recent French manœuvres were all struck by the work done by these scouts, who were organised in squadrons and brought back so much information that the generals on either side were frequently obliged to change their plans. Of course, it must be remembered that they (the aeroplanes) were not being shot at, a factor which would materially affect their utility in war-time, but nevertheless they undoubtedly have a great future in the field of scouting. As usual, England is far behind all other first-class Powers in her provision for this new arm. Why is it we are always so slow to move in this country or to take up any new invention? Instead of squadrons of aeroplanes organised by trained staffs, affiliated to the other branches of the Service and attached to headquarters, there appear to be two gentlemen with their machines—one Captain Dickerson and the other Mr. Gibbs—who are there in a private capacity. Apparently they receive no instructions, and are hopelessly neglected.

How typical this reads in the morning Press! Aeroplanes are the cheapest arm that can be provided. They cost under a thousand pounds each, and any number of volunteers can be found to man them. Therefore, the Government might have provided a small sum for the encouragement of the new science. But nothing has been done. The evil goes deeper than this. It is the system of cheeseparing to placate a small section of Radicals and Socialists which is responsible. The Government made no allowance for aeroplanes in their estimates, and therefore there is no money to spend on them. But why cannot our Minister of War, like every other Minister of War, be allowed a few hundred thousand pounds to spend at his discretion in order to meet unforeseen emergencies, or developments of science? He would always be responsible to Parliament, and that portion of the money which he did not spend could be credited to the nation's balance-sheet. The whole story, combined with the recent exposures as to the efficiency of the Territorials, makes unpleasant reading. Verily we stick to our national characteristics most faithfully, and vividly is brought to mind the description of the typical British general of the early part of last century, "who was always surprised, but never

beaten." Yes, he was saved by the splendid qualities of his men, but have we in the ranks the same type of man these days? Perhaps we have, but only the future can prove it.

American politics are not easy to follow at the present time, so involved have the parties become, but it really seems as if the old distinction of Republican and Democrat has gone for ever, and that there will be a general realignment under new titles. What the Democratic party have failed to accomplish since Cleveland was President—namely, to successfully cope with monopoly and the dominion of party bosses—is being done for them by Mr. Roosevelt and his revolted progressives. Apparently his "tearing, raging propaganda" is making tremendous progress throughout the West, and there are rumours of a combination between the ex-President and Mr. Hearst's powerful newspaper organisation, although the two were the bitterest of enemies less than six months ago. Such a combination would be a danger to any State, and we sincerely trust there is no truth in it. Two men of the stamp of Roosevelt and Hearst were never meant to lie down together in the same field, and if they do it is hardly likely they will remain on friendly terms for long. What Mr. Roosevelt might gain in newspaper support and free advertisement he would surely lose in prestige. Meanwhile, there has been a meeting between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, and the two, according to their account, parted on the best of terms, but the wise ones shake their heads and declare that the rift is too wide to be closed again. It was inevitable. Mr. Roosevelt cannot continue to attack the Administration and the Vice-President, Mr. Shearman, without falling out with the President. Therefore, it looks as if Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt will be in open competition for the Presidency two years from now. We know whom we would back to succeed. But what will be the result of this split in the Republican party? Will it mean that the Democrats will run a candidate and win, or that they will throw in their lot with the insurgent Republicans?—in which case Mr. Roosevelt will be the future President of the Democratic party, travelling under an assumed name as a sop to his former opinions.

Diplomatic circles have been stirred this week by the rumours of a Military Convention between Roumania and Turkey directed against Bulgaria. But the terms are not stated. Meanwhile the German Emperor—no doubt roused to action by the visit of our own great orator to Vienna and the accompanying protestations of renewed friendship between this country and Austria—has hastened to Vienna to assure the aged monarch that he is his real friend and only stand-by in his hour of need. He delivered his usual flamboyant speech, stating "that at a critical time the Emperor Francis Joseph's ally (himself) had stood at his side in shining armour to fulfil what was at once a command of duty and friendship"—of course in reference to Germany's threat two years ago to attack Russia if she backed up Serbia against Austria. The Viennese, to propitiate their visitor, have named a street after him. We are sure it will be a noisy one. But what does this new grouping of the Powers in the Near East presage? Roumania has been for years a silent member of the Triple Alliance, and now Turkey has entered into a convention with her, thus throwing in her lot with her old enemy, Austria. Thus we see Germany, Austria, Roumania, and Turkey allied against Russia, Serbia, and Bulgaria. But we do not attach much importance to the new move. The Young Turks are mortally afraid of Bulgaria's stubborn army, and until they have reorganised their own they are glad to ally themselves with any Power. Of one fact we are quite sure, and that is, we shall never see Turkey openly supporting Austria. We are inclined to think this new convention will make for peace. But how happy Europe would be without a Near East!

## A MAN'S LITANY

### I.

Come Thou each day before the fight,  
To cast a glamour on my sight,—  
Until I see the odds are light,  
Though man with gods must cope;  
But when I wait, at set of sun,  
The news that tarries—"Lost?" or "Won?"  
By all the pangs I did not shun,  
Deliver me from hope.

### II.

If fealty with my tribe I break,  
Their scourge may I, unshrinking, take,  
And, from the cup they give me, make  
Libation to their Law!  
But when they say that outworn lust  
Should wed my forehead to the dust,  
Or shut my soul from further trust,  
Deliver me from awe.

### III.

When vice has marred my neighbour's fate,  
Let me deride his word "Too Late!"  
And—to my last sheaf—re-create  
His locust-eaten years;  
But when vice, chaste with utter loss,  
Its alms upon the world would toss,  
Or teach us, dying, from its cross,  
Deliver me from tears.

### IV.

If chance should towards my workshop send,  
A certain silent fleshless Friend,—  
Then, while day lasts, Thy succour lend,  
To hold him from the stair;  
But when the best tool slips away,  
And half he idles who would stay,  
If once against the Dark I'd pray,  
Deliver me from prayer. G. M. H.

## OBER-AMMERGAU AND ITS PASSION PLAY—II.

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

On the morning of the play Ober-Ammergau is early astir, and the streets fairly throb with excitement as the crowd hastens to the theatre to be in position by 7.30 a.m. The play starts punctually at eight, and you must be in your seat before the commencement, otherwise you will have great difficulty in finding it, so dense is the throng. The play was originally performed in the open air; later some of the reserved seats were covered in, and prior to the representation of 1900 the present theatre was erected at a cost of two hundred thousand marks, which was defrayed out of the receipts. It is a huge, unsightly building, capable of holding four thousand five hundred spectators, and is constructed of wood on a steel framework—six enormous arches, each having a span of 140ft. and a height of 65ft., supporting the roof. The walls on the inside are covered with Scriptural paintings. There are so many exits that the theatre can be emptied in a very few minutes, and every person has a reserved seat, which varies in price from 10 to 2 marks. The interior resembles a modern railway terminus, the place where the trains should enter being closed by the stage, which is in the open, and exposed to sun, rain, and wind, but apparently this is a matter of total indifference to the hardy actors, for on the morning I witnessed the play it poured incessantly, but they did not seem to care, although their gorgeous robes were soaked through and through, and the women's hair hung in thick matted locks from their dripping heads. The foreground of the stage occupies the entire front of the theatre, and is so extensive that, although as many as five hundred performers are gathered there at one time, it never has the appearance of being unduly crowded. The buildings at the back of the stage are permanent, and never vary during the per-

formance. On the left, looking on to the stage from the auditorium, is the house of Pilate; then comes a Corinthian arch, which gives the idea of access to streets behind; in the centre is the stage proper, having a drop curtain, on which are painted symbolic figures of Jesaias, Moses, and Jerimas. Behind this curtain the various tableaux from the Old Testament are grouped, and whenever it is necessary to arrange a special scene for the Life of Christ, such as the interior of the Sanhedrin, the Garden of Bethany, or the Crucifixion, it is localised behind this curtain, which may be described as a small stage placed on the larger one for special scenes. On the right of the curtain is another Corinthian arch, giving access to further streets behind, and then, a facsimile to that of Pilate, is the house of Annas, the High Priest. Both these villas have a small balcony in front, and the entrance is reached by three steps. As none of the stage buildings are anything like as high as the theatre, the blue sky and green hills are plainly visible above them, and form a most pleasing background. The orchestra is concealed in a recess in front of the stage, and the seats in the auditorium incline upwards, so that a perfect view is obtained from any part of the house.

The modern form of the Passion play was arranged by the priest Dalsenberger, who was for many years pastor of Ober-Ammergau. He swept away all the mediæval absurdities and superstitions, which were rapidly causing it to deteriorate into a screaming farce, and, utilising all the gospels, he has very skilfully evolved the present play, turning action into words without departing from the historic accuracy of the tale. But the play does not consist only of the life and death of Christ as recorded in the New Testament. Before every act there is shown in tableau a scene from the Old Testament, and Dalsenberger took as his fundamental idea the connection of the Passion, incident by incident with the types, figures, and prophecies of the Old Testament. The whole is thus made the massive pedestal for the Cross, and, in Dalsenberger's words, "The representation of the Passion is arranged and performed on the basis of the entire Scriptures."

To explain the meaning of the various tableaux and to prepare the audience for the successive scenes in the "Life of Christ," the interludes are filled in by the singing in parts and in chorus of a choir of Schutzgeister or Guardian Angels. First the speaker of the Prelude recites some verses, and then the orchestra bursts forth into song accompanied by the concealed orchestra. Then a bell—not heard by the audience—tinkles and the choir falls back from the front of the drop curtain, taking up their places at an obtuse angle from the centre in front of the houses of Pilate and Annas. The curtain rises, and the tableau is shown to a continuation of the singing. As the curtain falls the choir again moves forward to the front of the stage, occupying its entire length in a single line, the men in the centre and the women at the wings, and continues to sing until the commencement of the next act of the play proper. Then in two divisions they file off through the archways which abut on the houses of Pilate and Annas. Thus during the whole of the performance, which lasts from 8 a.m. to 11.45 a.m., and from 1.15 p.m. to 5.45 p.m., there is no real interval, because the stage is never deserted, and the choir is always present to fill the interludes. The music and singing take up fully half the time devoted to the performance. The choir consists of forty men and women all arrayed in the brightest colours of the Orient, red, blue, green, henna, and purple predominating. Twice during the play these gorgeous robes are discarded for black, just before, and just after, the Crucifixion. But the coloured robes are again resumed for the Resurrection, which ends the play in a song of triumph. There are some excellent voices amongst the singers and the music throughout is most pleasing, and although every effort has been made to obtain permission, the score has never been published.

In the space at my disposal it would be impossible to describe the play in detail, but some idea of its magnitude may be obtained when it is remembered that there are

twenty-two tableaux, eighteen acts, and seventy-seven scenes. The whole is a triumph of organisation and stage management, and would put to shame almost any actor-manager in Europe or America. The punctuality is remarkable; it commenced precisely at 8 a.m., and the first half was over to the minute at 11.45, the advertised hour. It is a great pity a few actor-managers do not make the journey to Ober-Ammergau and pick up some hints on how to stage historical productions. The acting of these villagers is throughout infinitely superior to that seen on our own stage, and the handling of the crowd, sometimes 500 strong, an object-lesson. It is the triumph of naturalness. The performers live all their lives in the atmosphere of the parts they have been selected to create, and study them incessantly, until they become part and parcel of the character, with the result that the acting is almost perfect and as near historical accuracy as can be obtained. Some of the tableaux could not be excelled: they are perfection; and the manner in which the figures are grouped, and keep their positions for several minutes while the choir is singing, is almost incredible. For it must be remembered that these tableaux do not consist of three or four skilled artists posing as some famous painting or group of statuary such as one is periodically accustomed to see at a West-End music-hall; they are made up of as many as four hundred men, women and children, all taken from the same village. The play is notable for the mellow blending of the colours. In spite of the Eastern magnificence of the dresses, their infinite variety and the very large numbers of actors on the stage at one time, the colours never clashed, the effect is never exaggerated or flamboyant.

The conduct of the audience was excellent. Not a person arrived late, and as far as I could see, not one left before the end, and at the interval the theatre was cleared in ten minutes, the crowd quietly hastening off to the various hostels and restaurants to obtain some lunch. There are instructions painted up on the walls prohibiting any applause, but at times the audience waxed so enthusiastic that they could not be restrained, and overcame the difficulty by stamping their feet on the wooden floor instead of clapping their hands, thus producing a tremendous roll of sound like thunder. I must now say a word as to the principal characters and of the men who filled them. Anton Lang, who took the part of Christ, is thirty-five years of age, and a potter by trade; he is married, has four children, and lives in a comfortable little chalet. He took the part of Christ for the first time in 1900, and this will probably be his last essay in the rôle, as he is becoming rather stout. He is very tall, and towered over the majority of the other actors. Nevertheless, in spite of this physical shortcoming, his acting was deserving of high praise, although his voice is rather harsh and none too pleasing to the ear when raised to the loud key necessary for it to be heard all over the theatre. He moves at all times with the most becoming dignity. His hair is almost black, but his beard is much lighter and cut very short. He was dressed throughout in a pale lavender inner robe and a crimson outer garment. Anton Lang was at his best in three scenes: Clearing the Temple of the Money Changers, carrying the Cross on the way to Calvary, and during the Crucifixion. Christ and the two sinners remain for twenty minutes on the Cross, and the strain is so great that on more than one occasion an actor has been known to faint. Anton Lang's performance on the Cross was perfect, and he uttered the Seven Last Words in a manner which impressed the entire audience. The mechanical arrangements of this unique scene were also astonishingly complete, and it was difficult to believe that the Saviour was not really before our eyes.

The part of John was taken by Alfred Bierling, who is only 19 years of age and a house-fitter by trade. This is his first appearance in any rôle. It is safe to say that John was the most popular of all the actors with the mass of the audience on account of his youth and extremely handsome presence. He is regarded as the most likely candidate for the part of Christ ten years hence, when, if

he has grown a trifle taller and develops a little more dramatic talent, he should present the character admirably. Throughout the play John wore a green inner robe beneath a crimson one.

The rôle of Judas was again taken by Johann Zwink, who is the veteran of the play. He represented Judas in 1890 and in 1900, and took the part of John in 1871 and 1880, and has thus been acting for some 40 years. He is now 59 years of age, has lost none of the dramatic force which has made him famous, and has more power of expressing genuine emotion than any of his *confrères*. The scene in which, full of remorse, he hurls the 30 pieces of silver at the feet of Caiaphas and Annas will never be forgotten by those who saw it. Judas was dressed throughout in a dark yellow inner robe and a terra-cotta outer garment. Johann Zwink is a painter by trade, and is responsible for many of the scriptural paintings on the houses of Ober-Ammergau.

The part of Pilate was taken by Sebastian Bauer, who is 59 years of age, and the Burgomaster of the village. He was Pilate at the performance in 1900; he looked and acted the part to the life, and his was the most conspicuous figure on the stage. Huge of stature, soldierly of mien, Bauer looked exactly like a Roman Proconsul who, after having led an active life in the service of his country, has been rewarded with a post which is a lucrative sinecure. I am inclined to think that his was almost the finest piece of acting we saw. He gave most admirably, in his scenes with the Sanhedrin when they came to demand the condemnation of Christ, the impression of being a benevolent old gentleman in the autumn of his life, animated with kind-hearted feelings towards everybody, and disliking above all else to be bothered with the decision of matters which were beyond his comprehension, and in which he could see no importance. The manner in which he refused to condemn Christ, handed over the responsibility to Herod, and then turned wearily into his house, was admirable. His scorn, contempt, and grim irony when asking the mob to choose between Barabbas and Christ was perfect, and the manner in which he washed his hands of the whole affair in a gold basin could not have been surpassed by any professional actor. I shall never forget the splendid figure he presented as he stood on the steps of his house, towering above the howling mob, with Christ with bowed head and Barabbas a filthy object full of sin and alive with vermin in the foreground. The gold band on his head, studded with jewels, showed up the splendour of his brow and the strength of his chin, which was covered with a short black beard. His huge figure was shown off by a white inner garment, embroidered with gold and covered with a long scarlet robe, while his waist was girded by a golden belt, and in his hand he carried a wand, the emblem of his high office.

The part of Herod was taken by Hans Mayr, also an admirable actor, who keeps a hotel. His acting was excellent, and it is a pity he had so little to do. Caiaphas, the high priest, was always fanatical, dignified, and sincere. He wore resplendent white and red robes, and on his head was a gold hat with white wings. Annas, his *confrère*, was also good.

The part of the Virgin Mary was performed by Otilie Zwink, the daughter of Johann Zwink. She acted with great dignity and feeling, and is physically admirably suited for the part. Her hair is very dark, and she has much softness of expression. During the play she wore a white shawl on her head, and was dressed in an apricot inner robe and Nattier-blue outer. The rôle of Mary Magdalene was taken by Maria Mayr, who is the daughter of a sculptor. She also acted with great feeling, and was especially good in the scene of anointing Christ's feet with oil. She has masses of light brown hair, and was dressed in blue and dark yellow.

There is no space to describe in detail the performances of the actors in the lesser rôles. They were almost without exception deserving of praise.

I believe that every succeeding decade the pilgrimage to Ober-Ammergau will become more and more popular if only the play is kept up to its present high standard. It

is well worth a visit. Nowhere else in the world is found this unique phenomenon of a mountain village which is composed of born actors and actresses, who live all their lives in a deep religious atmosphere for the single purpose of presenting every ten years "The Story which Transformed the World."

## AN APPRECIATION OF TWO MINISTERS

WHEN the present Administration was formed, several personalities were exalted to a dizzy eminence in public expectation. If the Government was not exactly viewed as an Administration "of all the talents," it was nevertheless thought to include many men who, with the opportunity, would mount to the occasion.

"What ardently I wished, I long believed,  
And disappointed still was still deceived;  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child."

Where are those expectations now? Have they not mainly vanished into the indefinite region in the intermediate state, more tersely described as limbo?

The Prime Minister, leader of an almost unexampled majority in his first Administration, no longer gave evidence of the force and determination which characterised his tenure of office at the Home Department. Under the pressure of ignorant Radicals and saturnine Socialists, he precipitately proved that he really must be classed as belonging to the family of marine radiate animals.

When the demand is put forward by a disorderly herd of Socialists for the reversal by legislation of the Osborne judgment, the Prime Minister's resemblance to jelly may be forecasted in the mind's eye.

There are some good office men, of the genus clerk, in the Government who are quite useful in their offices, and who do not count in the Cabinet. One or two of them can speak well, and betray a childish delight in delivering wholly unauthoritative speeches from the Treasury Benches in both Houses. In either capacity, as clerk or debater, they receive comfortable salaries, with the expectation of nice pensions in their old age—better pensions than they would have been able to draw from the local post office. They may rest in leisured obscurity.

As an obiter dictum, we may remark that in our opinion Mr. Augustine Birrell has achieved an exclusive fame, which was not enjoyed by any previous Chief Secretary for Ireland. He stands alone in splendid isolation. An example to "a' th' nations" of the type which should under no conceivable circumstances in future be entrusted with such an office. It is not desirable to consume much time in discussing the achievements of Mr. Winston Churchill. He coined a nice phrase, something about "terminological inexactitudes." We are grateful to him for that, and we can now after much practice pronounce the terse expression with comparatively little labour. With that, it is kinder to leave Mr. Churchill. He will perhaps improve in bottle.

The Right Hon. David Lloyd George has not achieved the comprehension of that which Carlyle described as the hardest task in life, namely, the realisation of what you are fit for. Mr. Lloyd George labours under the modest delusion that he is fit for everything, but more especially for quite the highest positions in life.

"There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
And do a wilful stillness entertain  
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit."

Mr. Lloyd George dressed in Form IV. is not well advised to adopt this position. He was a man and a success at the Board of Trade; he is a baby and a travesty at the Treasury. We will now leave our Celtic genius impersonating his favourite part of "I don't know," a confession which, being the undeniable truth, he possibly let slip out by accident.

There are two men in the Government who, in our opinion, demand unusual respect. These men are not always awarded their meed. We refer to Lord Loreburn and Mr. John Burns. Here are men of powerful character. We disagree profoundly with both of them on the leading tenets of their political faith. We are not, however, so narrow-minded as to be unable to perceive and to value honesty and courage in our opponents.

Lord Loreburn has been the target for virulent howls from the Socialist mob who are the rag, tag, and bobtail of the once great Liberal party. His crime, as would be expected, is his honesty. He declines to appoint a street-corner politician to the Magisterial Bench, simply because his heroics are directed against the foundations of society. Lord Loreburn prefers to appoint a rational man, although in his eyes he labours under the disadvantage of being a Conservative. He applies the same rule in selecting judges of the High Court. Merit appeals to him, not politics for profit.

In many respects Mr. Burns, in sturdiness of character, honesty and courage, resembles the Lord Chancellor. Hence the hatred in which he is held by those to whom his word was as a gospel when he ranted in Battersea Park. He was wrong to rant in that way, we admit, but once he donned the mantle of authority, he set a model of decorum, which unfortunately many of his colleagues have been unable to adapt to themselves.

## SOME POETS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA

### X.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.—(Continued.)

THROUGHOUT the lyrical poems in which Arnold left his art unvexed by his poetic dogma, the wistfulness of a soul besieged by the mystery of the world, conscious of a veil close drawn before the face of the eternal, lingers like a harmonic echo, tuneful yet sorrowing, roused by the loud keynote of life. In "Thyrsis," which, all things considered, we are fain to describe as Matthew Arnold's finest poem, are two stanzas which can rank worthily with any poetry garnered by those crowded years, and which hold this haunting, melancholy note in its full, sombre beauty:

Yes, thou art gone! and round me, too, the night  
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.  
I see her veil drawn soft across the day,  
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade  
The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with grey;  
I feel her finger light  
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train—  
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,  
The heart less bounding at emotion new,  
And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again.  
And long the way appears, which seem'd so short  
To the less practised eye of sanguine youth;  
And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,  
The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,  
Tops in life's morning sun so bright and bare!  
Unbreachable the fort  
Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall;  
And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,  
And near and real the charm of thy repose,  
And night as welcome as a friend would fall.

The reader will hardly need reminding that "Thyrsis" was written in memory of A. H. Clough, who died in 1861. In it comes that exquisite address to the cuckoo, beginning "Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?" and passing to a perfect, rich picture of summer:

Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,  
And groups under the dreaming garden-trees  
And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

"The Forsaken Merman" and "The Scholar Gipsy" are, of course, the two poems of Matthew Arnold most widely known. The latter, composed in the same serene, dignified measure as "Thyrsis"—a measure peculiarly suited to the author's temperament, and one which he handled with

admirable skill—suffers, as Professor Saintsbury has pointed out, from the incongruous image of the "Tyrian trader," with which it closes. Professor Saintsbury, we believe, excuses it; but we cannot help thinking that it weakens the poem considerably. It is, to say the least, a jerk for the reader's mind to find the "sparkling Thames" and the "silver'd glades" flipped off the screen as by some caprice, and, without any interlude whatever, to discover in his field of vision the blue Mediterranean, the "merry Grecian coaster," the "dark Iberians"; and the perplexing part of it is that there seems no reason for it at all. The natural, inevitable finish of the poem falls at the last verse of the preceding stanza—"Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours." To end here would have left "The Scholar Gipsy" a well-nigh perfect delight. Even so, one of its stanzas is immortal—the one beginning "Still nursing the unconquerable hope," familiar to all lovers of literature. We have in it an excellent instance of the author's wonderful way of wedding adjectives to nouns until the two seem inseparable. What words could "fit" more exactly than "unconquerable hope," "inviolable shade"? Examples of this can be found in most of his poems, and presume an infinite care in the writing. Many will occur to those who have become intimate with his construction:

And that sweet city with her dreaming spires . . .  
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea . . .  
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze . . .  
Through black depths of serried shadows,  
Up cold aisles of buried glade;  
In the midst of river-meadows  
Where the looming kine are laid. . .

And, although we have not space to quote it, who can forget that magical passage in "The Forsaken Merman" which begins:

Children dear, was it yesterday  
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?

It is a veritable melody of words. Faulty lines are not plentiful in Arnold's poems, although they do occasionally occur; he could write:

Thou mak'st the heaven thou hop'st indeed thy home  
as the absolutely inexcusable last line of a sonnet, and he is more than once guilty of rhyming "dawning" with "morning." He loved the language too well, however, to debase it in any very seriously bad verse.

Matthew Arnold, in his poems, concealed his ordinary, every-day self behind the scholar's mantle; humour is almost absent. Browning bubbled over with eccentric play, like a spring on a windy moorland; Arnold's verse flows steadily on—a cool, placid stream beneath evening skies, reflecting the glow of sunset and the changing moon. In conjunction with the poems, the "Letters" should be read; they are full of love of children, of genial gaiety; charming in the extreme, they reveal the father, husband, and affectionate son. In the same letter to his mother which informs her that his lecture "On Translating Homer" has been given, he joyously tells how "Budge and Dicky are in splendid force, and in their brown holland suits look the most comfortably dressed children in Brighton." Before lunch they bathed with him, and it was "great fun." To his "dear old Dick" he writes lovingly in 1885, and all his letters, even to strangers, are full of friendliness. "He was pre-eminently a good man," writes Mr. G. W. E. Russell, who knew him well; "gentle, generous, enduring, laborious; a devoted husband, a most tender father, an unfailing friend." With all his faults as a critic, his prose essays were invariably keen and discerning; and if we find in his poetry, taking it as a whole, more style than inspiration, more serenity and stateliness of diction than warmth of thought, it is not for us to cavil when we can thrill again and again to the spell of "Thyrsis," the witchery of the "Forsaken Merman," and the leisurely cadences of the "Scholar Gipsy." By these, and by his shorter lyrics, Matthew Arnold, with no flourish of trumpets, no rousing of popular curiosity, quietly secured his position as one who adorned the poetry of his period with some gems of unrivalled beauty.

## OXFORD AND THE WORKING CLASSES

THE so-called education which has been given to the lower classes during the last thirty years has had many peculiar and distressing effects. It has brought about, among other things, an almost universal form of ego-mania which leads ignorant but loquacious men to the rostrum, to local councils, to the London County Council, and in some cases to Parliament. The consequence is that there are now few things which are not seized upon and made the subject of torrents of foolish and frequently dangerous argument by persons whose one ambition it is to do nothing at other people's expense, and sacrifice even conscience in order to be advertised. With the clumsiness of ignorance they step in where angels fear to tread. They carry the word constructive for ever on the tip of the tongue, but upon its application it changes immediately, and becomes destructive. With the egregious self-complaisance and the raucous conceit of all demagogues they regard nothing as sacred. They tell the crowd what is wrong with the world, and are particularly careful to see that what they say is reported. Knowing nothing, they attack everything. They run amok through institutions, laws, usages, and customs. They lay unwashed hands upon the class into which it pleased God not to place them, and hold it up to ridicule in order to win the cheers and laughter of creatures as ignorant as, though less mendacious than, themselves.

A striking example of this egregious self-complaisance was much commented upon some time ago, when Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Shackleton sat upon a committee to consider what the University of Oxford can do for the education of the working classes. Since that time the question has fermented, and has recently bubbled over again, and been discussed with ever-increasing heat by don and undergraduate, Churchman and crank, men of intelligence and Labour member. If by working classes the lower classes are meant, it needs no heaven-born gifts to say definitely and finally that Oxford can do nothing for them. Mr. Shackleton and the Dean of Christ Church, Canon Barnett, and others have never once permitted the fact to occur to them that if Oxford is to be of any practical use to a man who has not been grounded at a public school, every one of its present usages must be done away with. Professors must give place to masters of Board schools, examinations must be reconstructed so that the tinkers and tailors, ploughboys and clod-hoppers, may go down, having duly passed the second standard. This being the case, the obvious question arises as to what is to become of the Board schools, whose curricula must, of course, be subjected to reorganisation. In order to provide the younger generation with a really sound grounding, all the abortive subjects which have been added year by year by cranks must be removed, and the lad who is afterwards to become an Oxford man, for no apparent reason, must be allowed to master reading, writing, and arithmetic. He must not be, as he is at present, asked to devote so much of his time to botany, astrology, chemistry, political economy, zoology, geology, and the piano, on which, if he is of a really high grade of intelligence, he may eventually be able to indicate something of the latest comic song with one finger. Of the other subjects he knows nothing, and wishes to know less. If he is a practical person he wonders why he is not taught a trade.

It may be said that not more than one per cent. of the eleven millions who are supposed to be crying aloud for a University education are ever likely to take any more interest in the University than to wear one or other of the colours on Boatrace Day. The working classes are at present too sensible to hanker after something which cannot provide them with better wages or more constant employment. The men who put forward what they naturally call a reform are Socialists. They desire to provide the budding Socialist with a centre, and to place him in a position of hearing lectures on Mill and Marx and Hynd-

man by Mr. Bernard Shaw and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They desire to establish a club for working-men who have no desire to work, and to convert Oxford into the breeding-ground of anarchists and fanatics. It is only by making men discontented with their lot that Socialism is born. Once lift the artisan out of his factory and place him without discipline in a town with nothing to occupy him except lectures on subjects which he cannot understand, and the seeds of all poisonous things are sown.

The infinite stupidity of this University scheme for the working classes would cause pity were it not for the fact that it is quite obviously the work of men whose aims are a danger to the State. They know as well as any of us that a working-man is less able to "face with wisdom the unsolved problems of his present position" after having been kept in college for three years out of University funds than before. They do not require that we should tell them that the acquisition of a degree is of little or no assistance to a man who is faced with the problem of earning his daily bread. They do not need to be told that the proud distinction of having represented the University on the river or on the cricket field enables a man to earn better wages in any of the professions or trades. They recognise, in short, the complete truth of all the arguments against the inclusion of the working-man at Oxford, and smile in the peculiar Labour-member manner at the simplicity of dons and Churchmen who cannot see the hands of Socialism behind the backs of so-called reformers. Among themselves our Labour members speak cynically and frankly enough. They require a school for Socialism, but they do not wish to pay for it. Let Oxford pay. It matters little what the Oxford man may say at being asked to herd with budding demagogues and Bengalis. Socialism is the new creed. It matters little what becomes of the atmosphere and influence of University life as it has been known. Socialism respects nothing. Fortunately, however, the apparent earnestness of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Shackleton and the Chadbandism of Mr. Massingham do not deceive. Oxford and the working classes are as far apart as the poles, and with the daily increasing growth of the Boy Scout movement, Socialism will need more cunning adherents than those people who hide the red cap of the citizen beneath the tall hat of the member of Parliament.

## BUSHIDO: THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN

### II.

THE Japanese sword has been fittingly described as "the living soul of the samurai." Indeed, the swordmaker was an extremely honourable personage. He conducted his business with religious solemnity, fasted two days, and went to a temple to ask for a blessing before setting to work. He even went so far, in the old days, as to hang up a rope of straw to which strips of paper were attached by way of driving forth evil spirits. His labour was certainly a labour of love. Something of the swordmaker's being went into his shining weapon. We recall a certain story which Lafcadio Hearn tells us of a maker of porcelain who, after trying again and again, failed to get the desired colour. He, like the swordmaker, prayed and fasted. In the meantime his daughter, prompted by the workings of the gods, flung herself into her father's burning kiln. The piece of porcelain was finished, and the exact colour obtained by this strange sacrifice, but the beautiful vessel, whenever it was struck, uttered the plaintive cry of the porcelain-maker's daughter. The swords of Damascus and Toledo pale into insignificance by the side of those wonderful weapons made in Japan; a sword that could sever a bar of iron without turning its edge, or cut a thread of human hair gently forced against its blade by running water. When a Japanese sword sings in its bright rush through the blue sky, who shall say that it is not the ghostly echo of one of those songs its maker used

to sing in his little shop? A burning zeal went to the making of that sword, invisible hands joined in the tempering of its steel, and the triumphant cry of Bushido called it forth to avenge all wrong.

Although Bushido originally belonged exclusively to the samurai class, it is not surprising to find her gradually entering into the Japanese people generally. No doubt the popular Japanese novelist, Bakin, who so frequently describes the noble samurai, his deeds of valour, as well as his no less worthy deeds of mercy, had a considerable influence in this direction. Bushido has found her way into the homes of those who do not take up the sword, and left there her unmistakable blessing. She has been a practical force in everyday life, because she has taught the power of endurance; she has made that beautiful Japanese smile cover, with such an art of pleasing deception, a host of trouble. Bushido has entered into the charming Japanese woman herself, and added a quiet dignity and strength to her womanly qualities. Bushido has taken away, not only the insignificance of the ego when compared with the good of the multitude, but she has also taken away the sting of death, and has made noble self-sacrifice rather a thing to be longed for than shunned, provided it be for the common weal of the country. With that grim majesty the Japanese soldiers obeyed the command when storming Port Arthur, "the honourable front rank will throw itself on the enemy's bayonets!" It meant instant death, but it gave a victorious honour to the ranks behind. Bushido, with all her love of blossom, gave her followers into the hands of death, but in so doing she had gained her crowning glory.

It has been said that the Japanese hold death too lightly, that there is something morbid and unnatural in the way they stifle human feelings and gladly go down the road of no returning. Let us remember that where other armies give way to wild and unseemly carouse on the eve of a great battle, the army of Japan is silent. Its joy is not tarnished with a display of animal spirits; it is sweetened with a love for, and a belief in, the mighty dead. The Japanese idea of death is very different to our own conception. Their "crowd of witnesses" is not a gathering of souls entirely remote from the interests of this world. The Japanese dead are still utterly Japanese, more alive to what goes on in the Land of the Rising Sun than they were when they gazed upon Fuji in human form. Where we erect statues in memory of our great departed, the Japanese erect altars. Where we are content with subscriptions and obituary notices, the people of Nippon desire to feel the nearness and the guiding hand of their living dead. We talk of the Valley of Death as if it were a place mysteriously apart. There is no such distinction in Japan. The common roadway, with its constant sound of human feet, is the same road that leads to the place of death. And this beautiful conception has come from that great storehouse of the good and brave and tender things of Japanese life we call Bushido. When the Japanese father goes a journey, his wife will make sacred the raised portion of his room. Here she and her family will continually think of him, and present gifts on what may be called the altar of absence. These loving ceremonies differ in no way from those that would be performed in the event of that husband never returning to his home again. Life and death are one in Japan, and this conception has given a depth and tenderness, a brave and dauntless outlook, whether in the sorrow-stricken home or on the battlefield.

Is Bushido alive to-day? Has not such a strange combination of strength and honour, gentleness and love of the beautiful been utterly crushed out by Japan's ever-increasing contact with the West? Bushido is not dead. Japan has adopted Western customs and ideas to an alarming extent. She has fought Russia with all the latest inventions of warfare. Her quaint and charming native dress is being rapidly exchanged for the hideous garb of the West. Her beautiful sea is dotted with gigantic warships. Her ports are thick with the foul smoke of the factory chimneys. Tokyo is no longer ablaze with the fireflies Lafcadio Hearn loved so well. That great city is lit with electric light, trams run along her streets, and

trains scream out of stations. "Surely," you say, with infinite astonishment, "the spirit of Old Japan has gone for ever!" Raise your eyes from the crowded streets and look at the Japanese flag. Upon its white folds burns the emblem of the Rising Sun. This is still the Land of the Gods, and Bushido, having led her people to the place of a world-power among the nations, will keep her there because Bushido stands for strength as well as honour. Dr. Nitobe has said, "Scratch a Japanese of the most advanced ideas, and he will show a samurai." I would go further, and venture to say that he will also show, deep down in his heart somewhere, an image of Fuji, the Never-Dying One—"A god-protector watching o'er Japan."

## REVIEWS

### RELIGION AND THEOLOGY

*Character.* By ALFRED WILLIAMS MOMERIE. (Blackwood. 3s. 6d. net.)

"SUPPOSE that a man is in a hurry to keep an engagement, and that a violent wind is blowing dead against him. It seems decidedly inappropriate to apply the same name to the physical wind which drives him back and to the psychical remembrance of his engagement which urges him forward."

Thus the late Dr. Momerie distinguishes between "motive" used literally and "mot'ive" in its metaphorical sense. He is contending for the freedom of the will, and the above sentence is an excellent example of the skill with which he shatters an imposing pile of fallacious arguments. So, again, he confutes Mill, who cannot understand why primitive man should not have received every ethical and intellectual excellence from the beginning: "To ask why God does not make people good is as absurd as to ask why He does not make a triangle with only two sides. A triangle is a figure with three sides—that is what triangle means. It follows, therefore, that a triangle with two sides is a contradiction in terms, an impossibility. . . . Similarly, goodness is that which a man chooses for himself; it is goodness just because he does choose it for himself." It is satisfactory, too, to note that Dr. Momerie perceived that religion is essentially positive; that Christianity is by no means a series of "nots": "If you have no such immoral impulses, if your disposition towards your fellow-creatures be purely negative, if you are not actuated by an enthusiastic love and benevolence, you are morally good-for-nothing." With sound good sense, too, Dr. Momerie shows that reliance on authority is often the most "reasonable" course to pursue: "When one is unacquainted with the proper grounds for a decision, deciding for oneself is an act of suicidal folly," or, as the old proverb expresses it, "the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client." The book is full of these things, simply and admirably and clearly expressed. Thus Dr. Momerie shows the interdependence of dogma and conduct by the instance of Luther's "faith without works" doctrine, and its results in the field of practice:—

No wonder the Reformation was followed by a complete dissolution of morals. That this really happened has been proved by a vast mass of evidence collected by Dr. Dollinger, and, in fact, it was admitted by Luther himself. Over and over again he declared that the last state of things was worse than the first.

And, this being so, the author being gifted with this clear and distinct vision on so many points which are often sources of dire confusion, it is odd to find that from one end of the book to the other his mind is in a perpetual "see-saw" between the conflicting claims of the intellect and the emotions. It would seem that Dr. Momerie had not clearly perceived that man is a complex being—that his whole being, intellect, senses, emotions, visions, desires, ethical perceptions—must all be gathered up into that synthesis of humanity which is called religion. The "see-

saw" sways now on the side of the emotions, now on that of the intellect, and it would appear that the author never saw that there is no true antithesis between the one and the other, and, as a natural consequence, that he never viewed religion as a whole. Thus, he says that to believe a creed is "to know what it means, and to think that its meaning is correct." It sounds plausible enough; we are aware that "parroting" is a besetting sin of us all, that in other regions than theology we have an inclination to rattle off formulæ, which we should be puzzled to define in exact and logical terms. We must agree with Dr. Momerie that of the thousands who recite the creeds of Christendom, very few could explain "substance" in such a manner as to satisfy the technical theologian. Are you quite sure, he says in effect, that you can give the essential definition of the word *ousia* as employed by the Nicene Fathers? If not, then you have no business to say, Sunday after Sunday, "Being of one substance with The Father" in the Nicene Creed; you are "professing" belief without "possessing" it. And the whole trend of the sermons is that these things do not matter; that "substance" and many other similar terms belong, not to Religion, which is of the first importance, but to Theology, which is of no importance at all.

It is all very plausible; it seems sound sense enough to say that people who do not know what "triangle" means had better stop talking about triangles. But is it sound sense? Concerning those triangles, for instance; the triangle A B C is composed of the three lines A B, B C, and A C. And what is a line? Length without breadth, the definition says; and one waits for a sage who has seen with mortal eyes the line of Euclid's definition, on the points A, B, and C, which have neither parts nor magnitude, but only position. Clearly, the science of mathematics, the synonym for exact and infallible demonstration, the only science which truly deserves the name, is built on foundations which Dr. Momerie would have condemned as insecure. Yet we are not going to dismiss geometry into the region of fables and monstrous contradictions; we shall continue to talk of triangles, although we cannot furnish a definition of the word which is metaphysically unassailable. Theoretically we may agree with Mr. Balfour that the real and final and "substantial" causes of the explosiveness of gunpowder are hidden from our understanding, but we know enough not to apply a fuse to a barrel of gunpowder and then sit on the barrel. And then consider Space and Time. An attempt to define either the one or the other is bound to land the wisest of us in a mass of contradictions; we plunge into absurdity if we endeavour to conceive Space and Time as they are. But we do not on that account smash our clocks and tear up our astronomical and geographical maps; we do not deride the sentence, "meet me at Charing Cross at 2.30 p.m. next Wednesday," as a piece of unmeaning jargon. And no one need formulate a clear definition of electricity before sending a wire to a friend. And, per contra, no man in his senses would scorn the investigations and definitions of electrical science because you can switch on the light without being able to answer the question, "What is a volt?" It seems reasonable, then, to conclude that the higher things are analogous to the lower; that above, as below, there will be Theory and Practice, each occupying its proper place. Indeed, this is obviously so, and as for the demand that we must be prepared to furnish an exact and scientific definition of every term that we employ, how would Dr. Momerie have treated the article, "God is a spirit"? He would assuredly have assented to this dogma, but would he have claimed that he knew what the word "spirit" means? Surely not, unless he also claimed the possession of Omniscience, for he who can give the essential definition of the word "spirit" knows all things in heaven and earth. The plain fact is that all these objections against creeds and dogmas and theological definitions are objections against all knowledge—finally against humanity. Essentially, all knowledge is hidden from us. Certainly: but we have to fall back on the best we have, on the second best, since the very best is the property of God and of

none other. All art, all religion, are approximations to the Eternal, and with these approximations we must be content.

But in Dr. Momerie's mind there seems, as has been pointed out, an everlasting "see-saw," which leads to a continual series of false antitheses. Thus, he asks us to read the Bible and "Pearson on the Creed," and then—quoting Matthew Arnold—"see which has most effect, which gives the most moral force." One might as well tell a student of Greek to read Homer and Wordsworth's Greek Grammar, and then see which is the more inspiring. Pearson and Wordsworth exist to make the Bible and Homer more intelligible to us; it is ridiculous to set the latter against the former. Then, again, "A man may be a profound theologian and yet thoroughly irreligious." Of course he may; a man may be a master of English and an irredeemable liar; a profound mathematician, and yet cook his accounts and cheat the bank of thousands of pounds. But we are not to say: therefore a knowledge of the English language or of mathematics is a worthless thing. Then, again, "Christ," says Dr. Momerie, "asked for enthusiasm, and they have given Him creeds." How can you have enthusiasm without a creed? A man cannot be enthusiastic *in vacuo* and *ad vacuum*; whether he be a Christian Martyr or an Atheist Anarchist, he is suffering, ultimately, for his belief in certain propositions. "We are saved," says the author, "by our confidence 'In God and Immortality'"; and what is such confidence but a creed? Dr. Momerie did not see that the creeds and dogmas and systematic theology which he dislikes so heartily are inevitable; that to ask for religion without theology is to demand, in other words, a two-sided triangle—sheer impossibility and absurdity. True wisdom works by assigning to the emotions and to the intellect their proper place and functions and limits. Love is not a series of demonstrable propositions, but the lover is not required to divest himself of his intelligence. Lyric poetry is quite a different thing from logic, but no poem was ever written by a person devoid of the logical faculty. And between Theology and Religion there is a distinction, but no opposition.

## A VAGUE INDIVIDUALITY

*A Modern Humanist: Miscellaneous Papers of B. Kirkman Gray.* (A. C. Fifield. 5s. net.)

DURING the last few years the realms of literature (save the mark!) have been flooded with memoirs and posthumous productions of third-rate and even of tenth-rate persons. It must always be a wonder who reads them. Relations and friends—perhaps. But who else? How do publishers make such books pay? Who wants to buy a book—sometimes very expensive—about, say, Tom Jones, whose fame was immortal in the parish of, say, Eaton-swill? Leaving these important questions to be settled by experts, we proceed to a contemplation of the volume before us. The publisher in every respect has done his work well. There is a portrait of the late Mr. B. Kirkman Gray, looking smiling and amused—almost excessively so. There is a lengthy, quite suitable, but somewhat confusing biographical introduction by Mr. H. Bryan Binns, who seems to have mystical tendencies, and an appreciation by the suffragette, Miss Clementina Black. The outcome of reading the biography and the appreciation leaves a sensation of doubt as to the intellectual character of the late Mr. Gray. In his youth—he died, by the way, at forty-five—he appears to have had one of the vaguest personalities imaginable, continually analysing himself and his feelings, wondering how he could realise himself and his capacities, longing to arrive at some harmony within, to reach the illuminating point when he would be able to concentrate on some special object in life. There is something a trifle repellent in the weakness of the egoism revealed, a vanity evidently far exceeding anything of which he was capable.

Neither Mr. Binns nor Miss Black is able to arrive at any definite conclusion as to what manner of man he was. In his lifetime appeared his "History of English Philanthropy," which had excellent Press notices from very various journals, but, as might have been expected, had no great sale. This had a posthumous sequel: "Philanthropy and the State: or, Social Politics." The main point of both seems to have been to show that the days of private philanthropic organisation were numbered, and it was now time for the State to step in. Both have a certain freshness of view and suggestiveness; they are clearly written and thought out, and, despite their titles, quite readable. But they give no idea of any powerful or original individuality behind them. The very moderation with which they are written is fatal to them as works of any permanency. Continually to see two sides of a question, or continually to see good in everything, is a most tedious process for a reader. It is also unimpressive; it requires the genius of an Emerson or a Browning or a Goethe to overcome the natural distaste for such lukewarm provision. This attitude of Mr. Gray was doubtless strengthened by a vague, but seemingly superficial, mysticism, which appears to have been of an æsthetic rather than an intellectual type. His admiration for Blake was evidently whole-hearted. The vagueness of character, to which our author was subject, was probably further increased by indefinite feelings of love and brotherhood for humanity. But to nothing did he entirely yield himself, and so he is finally seen to be an echo or imitation of a number of modern and contemporary influences. Of the papers in the present volume the best are those on Blake and Monet, in which his great sympathy helps his insight and powers of expression. In others, he is often too "literary," a defect which spoils his descriptive ability. When judgment and decision are necessary, he does not appear to advantage. He does not perceive that co-operative housing, as existing in the Berlin institution he mentions, is utterly alien to the English spirit, which, as Mr. John Burns said the other day, needs for each family a separate house for itself. Again, in dealing with Abbe's theory of industry as realised at the Zeiss optical works at Jena, the obvious conclusion that, if logically carried out, it means nothing more or less than the abolition of private property, has escaped him. And such abolition human nature never has endured and never will. As the presentment of an incomplete man, this book has its psychological interest; but, to modify Carlyle's phrase about Tennyson, Mr. Gray never succeeded in converting his inner chaos into cosmos. Hence the interest is ephemeral. A strong leader might have made him more important.

### DRY-FLY FISHING

*The Book of the Dry Fly.* By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR. New Edition, with Contributions by the DUKE OF RUTLAND and J. E. BOOTH. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

If we were to measure this book by its rather pretentious title, we should dismiss it in few words, as slipshod in style and ill-arranged in matter. But it hardly claims to speak with authority, its object being to interest people with a chatty and discursive account of the dry-fly man, his rivers, his methods, and his friends. From this point of view it forms a pleasant addition to the angling library. The Duke of Rutland in his preface commends it as "instinct with the love of Nature, which in itself constitutes much of the charm of fishing," and the first edition was well received by the angling public.

In this new edition the illustrations in colours of favourite scenes on typical dry-fly rivers are a great improvement upon the plates of artificial flies which figured in the former edition. The text has been revised by Mr. Dewar, and foot-notes have been added when he has seen reason to alter his opinions. We cannot help thinking that it would have greatly improved the book had he re-written certain passages altogether. For

instance, it is rather disconcerting, after reading four pages which hold up to scorn the angler who uses paraffin to aid him in floating his fly, to come upon a note at the foot of the page, "To-day I don't think I could do without my bottle of paraffin (1910)." Dates, again, are sometimes altered, sometimes left as they were, sometimes corrected in a foot-note. The last chapter of the book contains a vivacious account of angling society at the Rutland Arms, wherein we read: "It has not fallen to my lot to visit Bakewell since the rule of that fine old sporting landlord, Mr. William Greaves, came to an end two years since or thereabouts." But he died on February 14, 1894! Somewhat naïvely, however, the author himself apologises for the eccentricities of his style in "A Retrospect": "It was written, perhaps, in a rather exuberant style of English, but it had its merits of a kind—it was the result of an entire enthusiasm for a pastime delicate and intensely interesting."

Dry-fly fishermen will not agree with all that Mr. Dewar says; indeed, in the course of fifteen years he has himself, as we have said, changed several of his views. He cautions the reader against indulging in expensive tackle, but admits that he has now come round to a split cane rod. "It is not the rod so much as the hand which wields it that kills the trout." True, but the finest tackle has the best chance with the highly educated trout of to-day. The chapter on "Dibbling with the dry fly" will not commend itself to the purists, but narrow views are not for Mr. Dewar; "it is not unsportsmanlike to deviate, even in dry-fly fishing, a little now and then from the main principles of sport."

Mr. Dewar discourses in these pages upon a great variety of topics connected with angling, such as the difference between the aims and methods of the wet-fly fisherman and the dry-fly man, the rivers to which the two styles are severally adapted, the most likely places in which to find trout rising, the mysteries of "drag," and the weed-cutting propensities of keepers. He confides to us his list of favourite flies, but he thinks that the actual fly matters less than the manner in which it is presented to the fish. It is quite possible that trout cannot discriminate as nicely as many anglers think between shades of colour, but in some waters they are amazingly particular, and would be vastly amused to learn that "it, indeed, resolves itself, often enough, into a question of, not so much what the trout wants, as what the fisherman says he must take." We have sometimes wished that it did!

There is much in Mr. Dewar's book which is interesting and suggestive, and many problems are touched upon which are not likely to be solved just at present. Every year the use of the dry fly is becoming more general, as anglers increase and fish become more wary. To what extent the dry fly has helped to educate the trout is a debatable point; probably the rigid enforcement of a size limit and the frequent return of under-sized trout to the stream have had more to do with this than is generally supposed.

Qui semel est laesus fallaci piscis ab hamo  
Omnibus unca cibus aera subesse putat.

### FICTION

#### MR. HEWLETT'S NEW NOVEL

*Rest Harrow.* By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

ON more than one occasion Mr. Maurice Hewlett has been the cause of considerable uneasiness to those who take a critical interest in his writings. The spectre of mannerism, hooded and ungainly, leered here and there from his pages; it alarmed us, for we feared that a style which exhibited beauties all its own might grow too muscular—might, as in the case of Mr. Henry James, by over-exercise develop from gracious curves into strange protuberances, to the undue frightening of timid readers. There

is happy evidence in this latest stage of his progress, where the inimitable Sanchia Percival and her vagrant poet-botanist, Jack Senhouse, once more charm us, irritate us, and confound us by turns with their astonishing adventures of soul and body, that some judicious exorcist has whispered a friendly incantation over the author of "The Forest Lovers," and sent the uncomfortable spectre to limbo.

Discussions on Mr. Hewlett's unique novels inevitably precipitate us into an examination of his style, and this leads to complications. Time after time we feel the fire and vigour of Meredith inspiring finely conceived passages; witness the following:—

The time was April's end, and had been squally, with violent storms; but the last onslaughts of the north-wester had routed the rain-clouds. The day was dying under a clear saffron sky, and a thrush piped its mellow elegy. Miss Percival heard him, and listened, smiling with her lips, and with her eyes also, which the serene light soothed. Her lips barely moved, just relaxed their firm embrace, but no more. She held the light gratefully with her eyes, seemed unwilling to lose a moment of it, wistful to be still out-of-doors. Again she lightly sighed, and presently resumed her downward gazing at the fire.

Knuckles quavered at the door. She straightened herself, turned, and called out definitely, "Come in." Mrs. Benson stood before her, vast, massive, black-gowned, cloudy for trouble—a cook.

Who can help remembering Mrs. Sumfit of "Rhoda Fleming," "very loving and fat; the cook to the household, whose waist was dimly indicated by her apron-string"? But into an early chapter slips an argumentative interlude between a hypothetical poet and a philosopher which might have come direct from some delightful "Path to Nowhere," which Mr. Belloc has not yet written (though he is doubtless busy upon it); and, yet again, we seem to catch Mr. Max Beerbohm's whimsical smile flitting across our field of view, to hear echoes of his genial, delicate derision. Not for a single moment do we complain at this commingling of excellent sensations—what could be better or more entrancing?—but we venture to draw a deduction from it, and to hold the opinion that not just yet has Mr. Hewlett finally settled into his individual method of expression. A book or two more from him and we shall discover the "real right thing"—and memorable, without doubt, will it be.

It really does not matter much what story Mr. Hewlett has to tell us. The story is always there, of course, clever and queer and ardent; but he is as one who escorts us along a gloomy road, ever and anon flashing a brilliant search-light upon banks of rich flowers by the wayside; he is so deeply interested in these blooms—as are we also—that the end and aim of our journeying becomes temporarily forgotten. The outpourings of Senhouse, living in an amazing world of his own; the restless frivolities of good-hearted William Chevenix, trying to tie up and to label Sanchia's thorny rose of womanhood; the pugnacious Glyde, hopelessly in love; the cynical Lady Maria Wenman, "twinkling and puckered," scorning the conventional world that Sanchia had defied; these, and many others, beguile us. Occasionally the author steps in and bars the road for a minute, dealing us homily, diversion, elucidation, comment, of his very own; and we hardly know which pleases us the most. Here he speaks of "that strange look of second-sight which only those have who live apart from men, under the sky," and we are bound to listen to him:—

It is a look you can never mistake. Sailors' have it, and shepherds, and dwellers in the desert. The eye sees through you—into you, and beyond you. It is almost impossible for any person to be either so arresting in himself or possessed of such utterance as will cause the weathered eye to check its scanning of distance and concentrate upon an immediate presence. To such an eye, communing with infinite and eternal things, no creature of time and space can interpose solidly. Each must be vain and clear as bubbles of air. Behind it float spirits invisible to other men—essential forms, of whose company the seer into distance really is.

He will neither heed you nor hear you; his conversation is elsewhere.

Alexis Morosine, the Pole, is finely sketched in one of those asides which Mr. Hewlett introduces so gracefully—

Nobody knew much of his history. Bill Chevenix used to say that he was born whole, and thirty, out of an egg dropped on our coasts by a migratory roc; that he stepped out, exquisitely dressed, and ordered a whisky and Apollinaris at the nearest buffet. This, said Chevenix, was his ordinary breakfast. When Sanchia objected that he might have stepped out in the afternoon, he replied that it also formed his usual tea, and, so far as he knew, was the staple of all his meals. "And cigarettes," he added. "But he would have had those with him. I bet you what you like he came out smoking."

It is all as delightful a "Comedy with a Sting" as was "Open Country," and we are inclined to think that many readers will prefer "Rest Harrow" to that treasured volume. It marks a distinct stage forward in Mr. Hewlett's art, and does away with our doubts as to his over-precious style. If he can some day entertain us with the history of the wayward Sanchia after she joins and is married to the man she loves, it will perhaps appease a certain curiosity which assails us in taking leave of this book. It seems to us that so beautiful a creature as she is, having enjoyed the exhilarations of society and the hundred various amusements of a town life, would hardly be satisfied with the "open country" so passionately desired by Senhouse. To live in a shed on the Wiltshire downs, shod with sandals, clad in flowing robes, careless of postman or newspaper or opera, is all very well for a little while; but what will she do when the call of the great city thunders at her heart? Possibly Senhouse will become more rational, and take a house in Berkeley Square; we hope so, for beautiful Sanchia's sake; but we may safely leave all that to Mr. Hewlett, who has brought her and her lover through such critical, troublous times.

*The Spider of St. Austin's.* By NORMANDY VENNING. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

If the author of a novel succeeds in giving his reviewer several good laughs and a thoroughly enjoyable hour or two, he possesses gifts which cannot be dismissed in a casual dozen lines. This pleasant diversion of spirit Mr. Venning has certainly brought, and although probably he would be the first to admit that he has not produced anything great in "The Spider of St. Austin's," it is something notable to have dried the tear of doleful anticipation with which the average novel is greeted by those whose business it is to search for books worthy of praise.

Mr. Venning has conceived a fairly skilful plot, but plot is not his strong point; at one or two places in the story his ideas of what is likely or even possible collapse dismally. In the writing of a certain sprightly form of dialogue, however, and in the conveyance of the rollicking, delightfully free-and-easy doings of undergraduate life, he cannot easily be surpassed. Oxford, with its men and manners, has always been a tempting theme for the novelist, and we have rarely known the atmosphere of that glorious city more neatly and effectively rendered into cold print. The descriptions of the "goings on" in Hall, the account of a boar-trace, and the depiction of various college adventures and escapades, are exceedingly well done; so is the sketch of the extraordinary porter who amuses himself by translating the work of Marie Corelli into Latin prose—a truly formidable task, of which we should have liked to see some examples. We are rather uncertain as to which of the characters the author intended to be accepted as his hero—there are several men who take a fairly equal part in the narrative—but about the heroine, the frivolous, lovable, hot-headed daughter of the Bursar of St. Austin's, no possible doubt can exist. She is bewitching "right through," especially when she teases that genial encyclopædia of learning, her father.

If only for the elaborate fooling of the excitable embryo scholars the book is worth reading. There is a stump

speech on the subject of "The Oxford Don" which forms a capital example; its opening sentences may be quoted:—

Gentlemen, the Oxford Don! Knight Commander of the Grand Order of Blue Pencil—that mighty Blue Pencil which from the beginning of Time has been the Hall-mark of his species, the mainspring of his very existence, more often than not the only soul he possesses. Take it from him, and you rob him of his life-blood, you deprive him of his very ego, the power of Dondom departs from him, and he becomes an ordinary mortal at once! Not alone in the lecture-room or beneath the sympathetic roof of that den of iniquity, the Examination Schools; not alone while slumbers he with fat, unearthly smile through the weekly sermon in the 'Varsity Church . . . not alone in the character of officialdom does the atmosphere of Blue Pencil hover like an azure halo upon his scholastic brow. Does one run across him in the street, at the railway station, on the Tow-path, scaling the summit of Shotover Hill, or lumpily gambolling around a hockey-ball of a Saturday afternoon in the Merton fields; trundling for his Sabbath constitutional around the parks, or clambering with precarious step upon a rocking tram-car in St. Giles'; propelling with feverish energy his ancient dinghy among the mud and goslings that haunt the broad reaches of the Upper River, or lolling with pipe and cushions to woo indulgent ease and ever-increasing corpulence beneath the weeping willows on the Char—wheresoever he may go, doomed for ever is he to shed about his path that undisguisable aroma of Blue Pencil!

The one criticism we have to offer concerns the "Spider." Why did he drag in this mysterious, utterly improbable, and very objectionable insect at all, when the story could have been told so well without it? It fails to give the reader the slightest "creepy" thrill—which only could excuse its introduction—and the attempt to bring weirdness or terror into an essentially modern tale by such a crude method as this is a great mistake, a fault in construction. The big spider with the red cross on its back is simply absurd, neither funny nor horrible, nor in the least credible as a reality. Let Mr. Venning in his next novel omit all such superfluous dalliance with the uncanny, and his readers will be better pleased.

## THE THEATRE

"HENRY VIII." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

"HENRY VIII." is generally regarded as one of the most imperfect of Shakespeare's works, and one which bears but few traces of the master's hand, although in it are found many fine passages and powerful scenes which are more than sufficient to ensure it a certain popularity on the stage. But the story lacks continuity, and there is no single thread of human interest to keep the mind concentrated on its dramatic developments. First of all we are moved by the misfortunes of Buckingham; then our sympathies shift to the unfortunate Katharine of Aragon; and, when she is safely stowed away, they are transferred to Wolsey, chiefly because he delivers so many fine speeches at his downfall and, at the last moment, makes so many discoveries as to the proper conduct of life, which, unable to utilise himself, he gratuitously hands over to Cromwell for his guidance. Personally we should like to see the great Cardinal die less humble and repentant and more like the man he undoubtedly was. Some of his utterances are sorry stuff viewed in the light of his previous career. These death-bed repentances, when the sinner has nothing further to gain, either in pleasure or ambition, by utilising his sins to the best advantage, partake too much of the nature of cowardice. A man's faults are often the cause of his success through life, and we hate to see them repudiated and held up to ignominy at the coming of the final summons. For this reason we always admire the dying sentiments expressed by Madame de Pompadour when they brought her a confessor. Waving him aside, she exclaimed "*Le Bon Dieu me pardonnera: c'est son métier.*"

After Wolsey's death we pass on to the triumph of little Anne Bullen. The only connecting link which runs through the play—apart from a few minor Court officials who managed to keep their jobs—is the sombre figure of the

matrimonial adventurer. Thus it matters but little at what hour you arrive at the theatre because you are certain to find one of the many gorgeous pageants of which the play is composed occupying the boards. Taking these factors into consideration, we are inclined to think that if the master's eye is able to pierce the celestial mists, and if he can take an active interest in the posthumous productions of his unrivalled genius, he probably feels less anxiety in anticipating what interpretation is about to be placed on "Henry VIII." than on almost any other of his works. But however callous Shakespeare may have become after the bitter experiences of many centuries, he must feel some little disappointment over the latest of Sir Beerbohm Tree's productions at His Majesty's. It is deplorable, after so much time and so much money have been spent in staging a play with becoming magnificence, that the actors themselves should fall so far short of the pageantry. We are no lovers of adverse criticism, and prefer to bestow praise rather than blame, but as our object is to elevate the tone of the English stage we are obliged to speak the truth. Hardly one of the leading actors has the least histrionic conception of his part, and those who have seem to lack the instinctive genius to express it. One would think that the majority of those whose names appear on the bill had made their first acquaintance with Shakespeare, and with history, when they were invited to learn their parts and to turn up for the first rehearsal on a particular morning.

Mr. Bouchier's interpretation of the part of Henry VIII. is one of the most deplorable performances that we have ever seen. Whatever his faults Henry VIII. was highly respected and feared in his time, and did an immense amount of good for England by his firmness of character and insular independence; but he is constantly held up to odium by a certain section of the community and by certain historians because he dabbled too deeply in the dangerous slough of matrimony, whereas had he followed the example of other monarchs and relieved the ennui of twenty years of domesticity by a succession of mistresses he would have gone down to posterity as a model husband and king. Mr. Bouchier portrays him all through—except in one or two minor instances—as a low bar-room brawler, or debased tavern lounge. He is at his worst in the Banqueting Hall, where his attitude towards Anne Bullen would excite our disgust did it not stir our derision, fortified as we are with some slight knowledge of history. After greeting her with one of the most beautiful salutations ever addressed by a man to a woman:

The fairest hand I ever touched! O Beauty,  
Till now I never knew thee—

lines which, by the way, Mr. Bouchier hopelessly misinterprets by making it appear that the "till now I never knew thee" applied to Anne and not to Beauty—this poetic monster proceeds to behave like a satyr towards this young and innocent Maid of Honour to his own Queen. The lady, however, has not been at Court for nothing, and more than holds her own. But, for some reason which we are totally unable to discover, she goes out of her way to insult the Cardinal, who is looking on from his chair, although five minutes before they were the best of friends. Anne should remember, whatever poor Wolsey's faults may have been, that he at least paid for the supper. Likewise the King, who came to the masque in excellent humour, increased by the discovery of the blushing Anne, also goes out of his way to insult his host, although, historically, at this period, they were on the best of terms. Hand in hand King and maid proceed to execute a kind of Maud Allan dance round the Cardinal, the lady kicking her heels uncanonically high, and the King leering with lewd joy from her ankle to the Cardinal, and then back again from the Cardinal to the high-water mark of her indiscretions—a very pretty knee. Then, seeing the Cardinal's robes lying outstretched on the floor, the King and the future Queen execute a series of Salome jumps over it, for all the world as if they had just "spotted" the head of John the Baptist. We do not know what sources of history Mr. Bouchier has tapped for his con-

ception of the rôle of Henry VIII., but his interpretation of the part bears such a striking resemblance to that of the French Colonel in the "Parasites" and the English Colonel in "Glass Houses" that we feel his former bad company may have affected his judgment. But if proof were wanting that his interpretation from Shakespeare's standpoint is hopelessly wrong, it is found in the testimony of Katharine of Aragon in the great Trial Scene. She declares her undying love and devotion for the King during twenty years of married life, and reiterates the statement on her death-bed. Her hot Spanish blood, so full of pride, continually flares up at the thought of the insults heaped on her by the two cardinals and at the idea of separation from her beloved husband.

Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that  
We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so, certain  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire—

she exclaims. But if Henry VIII. possessed the characteristics which Mr. Bouchier would have us believe, how could this proud, delicately nurtured Spanish princess have stood his vulgarity and bestiality for twenty years, and, at the same time, continued to love him? She would have left the country years before to dwell in proud solitude under her father's roof rather than continue this tap-room wedlock a day longer. Even Wolsey, when he is in disgrace and has nothing further to gain by flattering his monarch, goes out of his way to bear witness to his sterling character, exclaiming:

Some little memory of me may stir him—  
I know his noble nature.

Miss Vanbrugh is disappointing as the Queen—only the very greatest tragediennes can hope to succeed in such a part. Occasionally she has a fine moment, especially when she hurls her "Lord Cardinal, to you I speak" at Wolsey, but they soon fade away into flatness and insipidity. She showed none of the haughty arrogance and almost savage impatience of the tormented Queen; rather does she give the impression of being a quiet domestic drudge with whom the King must long since have been hopelessly bored. In fact, after she made her tear-stained exit our sympathies were all with Henry, who had patiently endured twenty years of such a woman without kicking over the traces. Miss Vanbrugh sings her lines terribly, and should study elocution. Mr. Bouchier is better during the Trial Scene; when away from the malign influence of naughty Anne, and doubtless scared by the eye of his potent spouse, he behaves with considerable dignity. For the rest we must draw a veil over Miss Vanbrugh's performance. Her scene with the two cardinals is painful, and her death came as a happy release, not only to the King, but also to the audience.

Cardinal Wolsey, as Sir Beerbohm Tree, gives one of the finest representations of that ever-popular and classic rôle that we have seen for years; it was not excelled by the efforts of Mark Antony, King John, Richard II., Malvolio, Caliban, or any other of the historic characters who have essayed the task in the past. But Sir Beerbohm Tree as Cardinal Wolsey is incapable of delineating the subtleness and brute force of the Great Cardinal, or of bringing out the continual struggling of the "butcher's cur" to live up to the greatness of the position which his abilities had created, but which his obscure birth belied. His performance is colourless in the extreme, and consists for the greater part of the time of scowls and gesture. Scene III., Act II., is intolerably long, and there is far too much Wolsey in it. First his quarrel with the King, then comes his scene with the Lords, and after that his laments to Cromwell, and during the whole of this time Sir Beerbohm is the central figure on the stage.

Cardinal Campeius, a man of historic ability and force of character, is made to look like a Korean nobleman, and is treated as such by his more powerful colleague. He

was pushed about and glowered at more often than anyone else, although from time to time he did his brother cardinal a friendly turn by helping him out with his forgotten lines.

Of the minor rôles we have space to say but little, and that cannot be of praise. After Mr. Forbes Robertson's superb rendering, Mr. Ainley, as Buckingham, is but a pale reflex, and we sincerely wish that in pronouncing his own name he would cease to make a separate course out of the "ham." He said his lines in a manner that bordered dangerously on bathos, and tears of self-pity welled in his eyes, although somehow he entirely failed to attract our sympathies, and we could not help admiring the admirable patience of the executioner, who, with axe in hand, was content to postpone "the long divorce of steel" until his victim had finished.

The three noblemen—Surrey, Norfolk, and Suffolk—are a very sorry-looking trio, lacking in dignity and personal grace; they look like three lay figures impressed by Mr. Lloyd George for the purpose of convincing a Welsh audience of the necessity for reform in the Constitution. They hung about like conspirators in one of Hall Caine's priceless melodramas at a Transpontine theatre, and Surrey's methods when addressing the fallen Cardinal were like those of a coster delivering a Sunday-morning admonition to an erring wife. Had we been Wolsey we should have answered with the reproach that Suffolk hurls at Warwick in Henry VI.:

Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour!  
If ever lady wronged her lord so much,  
Thy mother took into her blameful bed  
Some stern, untutor'd churl, and noble stock  
Was grafted with crab-tree slip.

How is it that so few actors can repeat Shakespearean verse with intelligence and expression? Why also is it necessary to usher in every well-known speech with so much pomp and solemnity instead of with the spontaneity which alone can give the appearance of sincerity? You can almost hear the pistol fired to announce the start of every famous passage. The speaker draws himself up proudly, the minor characters stand aside and assume becoming postures, and the audience get rid of their disturbing sneezes; then, as the flag falls or as the pistol goes off, out it comes like the sudden rush of water from a bursting main.

Mrs. Calvert was excellent and said her lines perfectly. Edward Sass, as the Lord Chamberlain, was good, but he should not go about with a perpetual grin on his features. Miss Laura Cowie gave a very pretty interpretation of the young lady who lost her life before she ever arrived at years of discretion. The play was magnificently staged, and both Sir Beerbohm Tree and Mr. Louis Parker deserve all the encomiums which have been showered on them for the artistic effect; especially do we commend the Coronation in Westminster Abbey.

## THE WORSHIP OF ROW

Row is not, as might be supposed, an ancient Egyptian deity. His cult is of to-day, and actively embraced by a large proportion of his Majesty's liege subjects. One of the most notable changes which strikes an Englishman, who has been absent from his native land for 15 or 20 years, is the portentous increase in the unnecessary noises which accompany life, as compared with the condition of things when he left home. The English watering-place is specially afflicted with crowds of devotees of the troublesome god, Pandemonium—surely an appropriate name for this arch enemy of the human race. When on holiday bent, every "village bawler," to use the phrase of the late Mr. Gladstone, thinks that he may let himself go in the presence of that which Mr. Gladstone's great rival oddly called "the melancholy ocean." Every peripatetic German who can blow a blast upon a trombone or scrape into agony some stringed instrument of torture, and who

has therefore left his native land for the good of the Fatherland, is at liberty to let loose, on the long-suffering Briton, parodies upon the great composers. The gentry who make melody on the parades and promenades of English seaside towns ought to be required to show their licence for so doing, but we are a free-trade country, and our shores are a Tom Tiddler's ground, on which the world's rubbish, musical and other, may be shot with impunity. Soon as the shades of eve prevail, from every hotel and lodging-house goes up the wail of the amateur performer, vocal and instrumental. The result is that, throughout the length and breadth of town holiday land, at the shrine of Babel, the worship of the great god Row is celebrated.

An inventive American once brought out a mechanical baby, which was guaranteed to give an agonising scream for twenty minutes. Its object was to secure the railway traveller immunity from the unwelcome presence of his kind. A few days ago we were in a quaint little country town, a model of the peaceful dream-centres which abound in rural England. Enter six brake-loads of solemn men and women beanfeasters, and on the box-seat of each brake a bagpiper, his pipes screaming their loudest. The original intent of the bagpipe became instantly apparent. As the mediæval warrior wore a fantastic head-dress or donned a wolf-skin in order to scare his enemy, so obviously the bagpipe, in its inception, was a warlike weapon. It was intended at once to stun the foe and intimidate him to precipitate flight.

Healthy babyhood, between its periods of purring content, is legitimately given to good honest bawling. The mother of John and Charles Wesley has left it on record, as a self-gratulatory fact, that her children, before the age of twelve months, were taught "to cry softly" and to fear the rod. This no doubt accounts for the fact that about 90 per cent. of her children died in infancy, and thus passed beyond the clutches of a she-demon of discipline. A full-lunged howl is the only exercise open to the infant before the stage of tottering footsteps. The scream of such a child, in tantrums or under the pressure of the bodily ills to which its small frame is heir, are of a totally different quality. They are as distressing as a railway whistle. Railway whistles! How is it that the British folk, who nowadays begin to call themselves musical, permit the imitations of the music of the Inferno, the walls long drawn out, which may be perpetually heard upon our railways and high roads? The motorist is a past master in noise with the object of clearing his course before him. His imitations of the language congenial to the animals in Regent's Park add a fresh terror to our highways. Why, again, should not British locomotive builders be compelled to adopt the practice of foreign countries, and substitute a musical note for ear-splitting horrors? Even in the United States, where Pandemonium is practised as a fine art among the students of schools and colleges, the railway whistle is a mild expostulation, instead of our British imitative of a virago's scream. Sir William Preece, in a recent paper on "Technical Education in America," says: "The students' cheer in America is peculiar. The line from the Schenley Hotel, whence we 'processed' to the Carnegie Institute, was lined with students, who shouted in stentorian unison as we passed:—

'A-N-D-R-E-W C-A-R-N-E-G-I-E.'

'Rah! Rah! Rah!

'Tech!'

Such organised din is, after all, but poor sport. It is presumably intended as a reproduction of the war-whoop of the Indian. To those who have once heard the real thing in dire earnest, it is a blood-curdling affair. Now we have potted Indian war-cries at our Wild West shows, and the result is merely small talk and laughter amongst the auditors.

Why should every employer of half a dozen hands be permitted, in a crowded area, to blow a shrill blast in order to call those hands to and from their work? It is simply a scandal, although it has grown into custom.

Within a few hundred yards of the din-maker there are probably many sick and ailing. Why should they be subject to this nightmare noise? Why should the British workman not leave off and start work as the clerks in banks and insurance offices do?

There are, of course, legitimate uses of the screaming instrument. If one gets on some remote rocky spot, such as the Farne Islands, for instance, and the siren begins its dreadful blast, there is at least necessity for it, and a useful purpose is served. To stand under a siren in operation is a gruesome experience. Its effect is almost like that of the premonition of sea-sickness.

The American students doubtless maintain a sound old tradition. The only point is that theirs is, as it were, machine-made noise, instead of the spontaneous ebullition of high spirits. Youth is rightly noisy. There is a note of sadness in the clamour of a troop of schoolboys acclaiming some hero school-mate. "Shout away," we say to ourselves; "all too soon you will learn a different measure."

"Thou child of joy

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd-boy!"

What is to be said of the sound of bells? "The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells" stealing across a peaceful lake is surely as restful a sound as a hymn of praise. The vibrant ting-tang from some aggressive tin tabernacle is as repellent and antagonistic a noise as can well be conceived.

Is the stupefaction of life waxing or waning in modern society? The two- or three-bottle squire and his fox-hunting talk and roaring choruses are anachronisms. In our days we should regard his gossip as only fit for the company of a pack of hounds, comparing notes after a hard day's run, and hardly worthy to be called human conversation.

The hostess is born, not made. Her art is half-divine. She may have no special aptitude for affairs in general, and yet a sojourn under her roof may be a cherished pleasure. Sympathy and sincerity are the twin qualities required. Who has not had experience of the viciously vigorous hostess? In her house each five minutes of a guest's time is parcelled out for him. He is cheviated from distraction to entertainment, until he wishes the entire menagerie at Botany Bay. The divine art of pottering about, of flirting with the Muses, of escape from inanity, is unknown in such a household. Sleepers are awakened by the sound of a vindictive bell, and every section of the day has its allotted span, like a college course. With what satisfaction does the guest look up his return train to town, and how profound is his sigh of relief as that train glides out of the station, leaving the energetic ones waving farewells on the platform.

There is no flattery so subtle as that of the unobtrusive order—each man to his hobby. All men who have an imaginative turn of mind love intervals of solitude and silence. The heaven is ever working. Nothing can be more distracting to the non-musical than a perpetual concord of sweet sounds. *Punch's* tragic whisper of husband to wife in the concert-room—"Are we going to stop to the bitter end?"—is an authentic fragment. To some men the delights of a garden pall. They do not see anything to make a fuss about in the yellow primrose. They are like Harry Lorrequer, when called on to give judgment between the warring gardeners. To others books and boredom go together. The happy hostess, by an incommunicable instinct, sifts out her guests, and each one finds congenial leisure or occupation, as it were, automatically. The Norwegian pony will go, without undue effort, 50 miles a day for a week, and come in each day fresh as paint, provided you let him travel his own pace. Drive him at your pace and he is dead beat before the first day is done. In the art of adjusting the pace the perfect hostess is supreme.

In crises of the fate of men and nations descends a strange stillness on both. The heart bowed down with grief or trouble is wondrously mute. Who could fail to note the weird silence of our streets and crowds,

when the periods of mourning for Queen Victoria and King Edward came upon us? People seemed afraid to speak. If they spoke it was in subdued tones, as if the speaker were in a cathedral precinct. Such, in sober fact, was the universal sentiment of the moment.

In comparison with the noises of men, how elemental are the sounds of Nature—the wind that bloweth where it listeth, the bellow or murmur of the sea, the roll of thunder, the roar of the cataract, the tinkle of flowing water as it laps upon the strand. To the savage soul each such sound was and is the voice of a god speaking inarticulately. The modern child, nursed in veritable materialism, regards such ideas as pagan. The simple savage of the Amazons worships the humming-bird. It is divine to him. The civilised fine lady sticks its stuffed skin on her head, in the fond delusion that fine feathers will make fine birds. Which is nearer to the light? "He prayeth best who loveth best." Two poets have attuned dirge-notes to the deep diapason of Nature, and who that hath ears to hear will say that their interpretation is other than that of the universal seer? Thus Shelley, in his elegy of Adonais:—

"Afar the melancholy Thunder moaned,  
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay.  
And the wild Winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay."

Scott's lines, familiar to the last generation of men, if "old-fashioned" nowadays, are nevertheless immortal:—

"Call it not vain—they do not err  
Who say that, when the Poet dies,  
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,  
And celebrates his obsequies."

## DONNE'S LOVE POEMS

THERE are some poets who are admittedly, like olives, an acquired taste; and these in the orchards of Parnassus are unduly neglected for the apples and oranges which all can relish. It is not given to every reader to love Cowley or Meredith. The common cry for simplicity would be much more forceful if it were not often the cry of laziness for spoon meats, and of weak stomachs for half-digested matter, which can be bolted in a hurry. Because Dr. Johnson hung the heavy epithet metaphysical round Donne's poetry, every blunt wit thinks it fair to shirk his pages. Because Donne has to be read slowly, if he is to be enjoyed, laggard minds refuse to taste what demands such measured mastication. Yet this poet was only nine years junior to Shakespeare, and is one of the leaders of the mystic religious poetry, in which our country is the richest in the world. He must be worth some study for other than his place in literary history, else the Elizabethans were sorry critics indeed to give him such high esteem. Even if his pious flights have no message for impious moderns, his love verses might appeal to folk of any time, one would suppose. For, as he says—

Love all love of other sights controls,  
And makes one little room, an everywhere.

Donne's love poems, though obscure, are very real. He may fetch his similes from law, alchemy, geography, arms, Church history, and cookery. He may rail at the mutable sex and rant about inconstancy as the only reasonable and righteous wear. He may curse his triple folly and pose as indifferent to, or condescendingly above, the tender passion. But he has the root of the matter in him. He tries to bit and curb his heart by poetry, but it is there defiantly human, below the harness.

I thought if I could draw my pains  
Through rhyme's vexation, I should them allay.  
Grief brought to numbers cannot be so fierce,  
For he tames it, that fetters it in verse.

The man who wrote—

'Twere profanation of our joys,  
To tell the laity our love

cannot fitly be accused of using his passion as a mere excuse for a pyrotechnic display of wit. It would be easy to multiply instances of deep feeling, sometimes expressed as simply as if Goldsmith or Wordsworth were wearing the ruff, the rather constraining dress of his day.

O do not die, for I shall hate  
All women so when thou art gone,  
That thee I shall not celebrate  
When I remember thou wast one.

But yet thou canst not die, I know;  
To leave this world behind, is death;  
But when thou from this world will go,  
The whole world vapours with thy breath.

He is fond, by the way, of using the verb to vapour, meaning to melt into mist.

This no to-morrow hath, nor yesterday.  
Running, it never runs from us away,  
But truly keeps his first, last, everlasting day.

So far from being so over-concerned with his own nimble and fantastic wit that he forgets the object of his passion, he is apt to be almost too boisterous for modern taste, as in his Epithalamions, and, like Jack Absolute, too sudden and forward. Still, could the most objective poet do more than lines like these?—

All measure and all language I should pass  
Should I tell what a miracle she was.

or

All will spy in thy face  
A blushing womanly discovering grace.

or this—

And holds me in the sunbeams of her hair.

or—

Your gown going off such beauteous state reveals  
As when from flow'ry meads th' hills' shadow steals.

Perhaps never did elderly lady have so fine a couplet as the widow Herbert in the matchless lines—

No spring, nor summer beauty hath such grace  
As I have seen in one autumnal face.

unless their fellow be taken out of the same poem—

Here, where still evening is, not noon, nor night;  
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight.

Possibly in these fine couplets we have wandered beyond our title; but Donne is of a wandering cast of mind, and breeds the like in others. For a man of under twenty-five, at which age he left Helicon for Jordan, his love verses have a completeness and a quality which is individual and interesting. Of course, they abound in conceits, as nearly all the poetry of the elaborate period did, by nature, just as the architecture, carving, lace, sermons, or silver work abounded in conceits. A little literary courage is needed to face phrases like "to dig in quarry of an heart" or—

Our eye-beams twisted and did thread  
Our eyes upon one double string.

But modern niceness misses great things by being over-nice. The secret of enjoyment of Donne, indeed of any pre-Restoration poet, is more in correct reading than in correct taste. It requires a slow, full, unhastened pronunciation, which can give delicacy of accent even to a purely monosyllabic line, to reveal the measured melody as it left the lips of the singer. Unfortunately, most people cannot even read the polished cabined verse, when poetry "shocked by licence shuddered into rules." How can they hope, then, to express the unexpected rhythms of the earlier poets? They can only notice then what seems far-fetched and over-wrought, that is, the thing which follows a convention which is not our convention.

## FRANCIS BRET HARTE

Fiction illustrative of life at the "diggings" is possessed of an intrinsic interest that is perennial. The antecedents of the squatter, the causes of his self-expatriation, the ineffaceable memories, the dogged self-repression, the surface-stoicism, the isolation from pure womanhood, all conduce to vest his history with a romance which ethical considerations suggested by his manner of life in exile cannot effectually disturb. But the interest attaching to the characters in "The Tales of the Argonauts" is not based on any hypothetical past, but on transactions in the present page, and the light they reflect on the character of the actors. The localities mentioned under fictitious names in "The Idyls of the Foothills" have their prototypes in California, and were personally visited by Mr. Bret Harte in the discharge of his office as mounted messenger of an express company. Let us begin with Mr. Harte's observations in external:—

The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The term "roughs" applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. . . . The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

The disagreement is mainly a surface one; there is not very much here that does violence to one's preconceptions. It is not with fixed principles or the religious imperative that experience associates the first-mentioned cast of countenance, nor does an ostentatiously masculine demeanour bespeak latent courage and virility. But the Oakhurst phenomenon is new to experience; it is hard to reconcile so mundane a vice as gambling with intellectual abstraction. The comments just cited are, however, but the prelude to deeper studies in human character. Bret Harte's campmates exhibit deviations from their vicious rule of life which disturb one's sense of moral unity, but which, helping to vindicate the honour of humanity, are highly gratifying to the moral *esprit de corps* of the race. John Oakhurst, gambler, pays a visit to a neighbouring camp. This visit is attended by the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. But look now on the alternative picture:—

He had met him some months ago over a "little game," and had with perfect equanimity won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you cannot gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

Such departures from evil might possibly be explained on the supposition that, freed from external restraints and from moral self-consciousness, men view them not as expressions of a moral code, but as whims, part romantic and part facetious, but altogether bizarre; religious persons, however, will probably prefer a different solution. In these settlements where all push the same fortunes and incur the same reverses, the spirit of comradeship is keen. Oddly enough, it is content to waive the consideration of mutuality. If a man elope with his mate's wife, the injured man is the first to "shake his hand and greet him with affection" on his return to the settlement, a callous magnanimity probably born of the reflection that he himself, in these strenuous conditions, would, on occasion, serve himself no less loyally at the expense of a friend. And this monstrous violation of friendship is met with more than forgiveness. Tennessee robs a wayfarer in the highway. In accordance with the lynch-law that obtains in these localities, he is destined to be hanged from a tree. At this crisis his late victim and supposed accomplice in many crimes makes his appearance in the

extemporised court with the offer of "seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch":—

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

Thus it will be seen that even the sense of camaraderie, so potent in these parts, is subject to limitation. Faithful unto death, "Tennessee's Partner" attends the execution, buries the remains. He is, in accordance with the type, a man of few words:—

He paused and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back as you'd see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and Jinny have waited for him on yon hill and picked him up when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me, an' so fetched him home. And now that it's the last time, why—" he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his partner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

It may be observed parenthetically that the fact that in localities unpenetrated by law and police a convicted murderer is formally hanged, at the joint sentence of his peers, forms a final answer to the Socialist's stigmatisation of capital punishment as "legalised murder." Communities where all are equal are not less determined than governments to protect themselves from a recurrence of this kind of outrage by the employment of the obvious deterrent.

Attempts to define the abstract are always fraught with a sense of the incongruous, and poetry has often suffered this indignity. But reviewing Bret Harte's work in prose and verse, and noting how deeply its character is influenced by what we are used to term "the sense of poetry," it may not be inappropriate to think of it as an infinite capacity for seeing the affairs of men from the side of the angels. In illustration of this power we commend the reader particularly to "Miggles" and "The Man of No Account." In "Miggles" we are introduced to a stage-coach, the progress of which is arrested by the disappearance of a bridge caused by the flooding of the river which it spans. The passengers alight and make their way in the darkness to a lonely cottage to sue for accommodation. It turns out to be a mysterious household. There is a young woman discovered in company with a man prematurely aged and unaccountably helpless. The female travellers think they detect something suspicious in the relation; there are the usual invidious gestures, and poor Miggles, feeling morally driven to bay, relates, on the retirement of the woman, her history to her male auditory. Six years back the man had come into her back room, had sat on the sofa, and had "never moved again without help." The doctors had come, had pronounced the patient to be incurable, and had advised her to send him to the hospital at "Frisco." But Miggles preferred a more maternal course:

With a woman's intuitive tact and poetry, she had, as she spoke, slowly shifted her position so as to bring the mute figure of the ruined man between her and her audience, hiding in the shadow behind it, as if she offered it as a tacit apology for her actions. Silent and expressionless, it yet spoke for her; helpless, crushed, and smitten with the Divine thunderbolt, it still stretched an invisible arm around her.

It was nearly morning when I awoke from a troubled dream. The storm had passed, the stars were shining, and through the shutterless window the full moon, lifting itself over the solemn pines without, looked into the room. It touched the lonely figure in the chair with an infinite

compassion, and seemed to baptise with a shining flood the lowly head of the woman whose hair, as in the sweet old story, bathed the feet of Him she loved.

The previous passage illustrates a very rare and a very advanced achievement in literature, and that is the vesture of Nature with a maternal interest in the pathos of human existence. This, be it remembered, is not a device for the embellishment of the text, but is a reproduction, in all fidelity, of impressions in the psychical consciousness of persons of high sensibility, and therefore the prime privilege of art. It is the only treatment of Nature that is seriously worth having. The objective treatment, at its best, has but a descriptive value, but it does not formulate the edification derivable from Nature. Devitalise Nature, as has been done with methodical success in "Far from the Madding Crowd," and its congeners and you might as well transfer your attention to structures of brick and mortar. Bret Harte never obtrudes Nature, but introduces her, with an instinct that never errs, at the right moment!—

The last heap of ragged rock and clay passed, the last unsightly chasm crossed—how the waiting woods opened their long files to receive them. How the children—perhaps because they had not yet grown quite away from the breast of the bounteous Mother—threw themselves downward on her brown bosom with uncouth caresses, filling the air with their laughter. . . .

This same supremely literary factor is found in "Dickens in Camp"—that most atmospheric of all the poems not east in dialect:—

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,  
And as the firelight fell,  
He read aloud the book wherein the Master  
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader  
Was the youngest of them all—  
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar  
A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,  
Listened in every spray,  
While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows  
Wandered and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken  
As by some spell divine—  
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken  
From out the gusty pine.

As a critic of manners alone Bret Harte has done work of distinction. His observations attest an unerring sense of the ridiculous. We recommend "From a Balcony" and "Sidewalkings," to be found in the second volume of the Tauchnitz edition. One has no difficulty in recognising this type of amateur vocalist:—

The simple statement, "Star of the Evening," is again and again repeated with an imbecile relish; while the adjective "beautiful" recurs with a steady persistency, too exasperating to dwell upon here. At occasional intervals a bass voice enunciates "Star-r, Star-r," as a solitary and independent effort. Sitting here in my balcony I picture the possessor of that voice as a small, stout young man, standing a little apart from the other singers, with his hands behind him, under his coat-tail, and a severe expression of countenance. He sometimes leans forward with a futile attempt to read the music over somebody else's shoulder, but always resumes his old severity of attitude before singing his part.

This sentence is a fairly typical example, not only of pointed writing, but of the delicacy and finish of the author's composition:—

Meanwhile the celestial subjects of this choral adoration look down upon the scene with a tranquillity and patience which can only result from the security with which their immeasurable remoteness invests them.

The following proves the writer to be a trustworthy connoisseur in deportment:—

Speaking of eyes, you can generally settle the average gentility and good breeding of the people you meet in the street by the manner in which they return or evade your glance. "A gentleman," as the Autocrat has wisely said, is always "calm-eyed." There is just enough abstraction in his look to denote his individual power and the capacity for self-contemplation, while he is, nevertheless, quietly and unobtrusively observant.

We regret to note that as an analyst of the feminine, Bret Harte does not exhibit his usual acumen. It is strange that a man with so central an attitude should echo a delusion so obviously founded in masculine vanity as that which ascribes to women an eternal jealousy of each other's attractions, which is continually being vented in spiteful innuendo. And even if a respectable young schoolmistress were so foolish as to become enamoured of a drunken digger (*vide* "Idyl of Red Gulch"), we cannot imagine her making so disgusting a remark as this in a letter to her dearest friend in Boston:—

I think I find the intoxicated portion of this community least objectionable. I refer, my dear, to the men, of course. I do not know anything that could make the women tolerable.

In "The Rose of Tuolumne" we get this passage:—

She had dressed herself simply and hurriedly, but with a woman's knowledge of her best points, so that you get the long curves of her shapely limbs, the shorter curves of her round waist and shoulders.

In the first place, it is a monstrous injustice to ascribe to woman a degree of physical self-consciousness so inconsistent with modesty, and in the second it involves the ludicrous idea that a woman can see herself aesthetically with any measure of success. It is but just to add that Bret Harte half acknowledges that man is apt to be impeded by sexual disabilities in this class of criticism, as appears in the subjoined cleverly written passage:—

If I have ever misinterpreted the eye-shot which has passed between two pretty women, more searching, exhaustive, and sincere than any of our feeble ogles; if I have ever committed these or any other impertinences, it was only to retire beaten and discomfited, and to confess that masculine philosophy, while it soars beyond Sirius and the ring of Saturn, stuns short at the steel periphery that encompasses the simplest schoolgirl.

## OUR WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—*Ex nihilo nihil fit*, which explains this week's position on 'Change. Business is badly wanting. I fear the Stock Exchange, like many other institutions of our country, wants overhauling, it may be that it is over-populated. The majority of members are very young, and, in my humble opinion, too young for such serious business. It is all very well when things go right and everyone wants to buy; but—and here comes the reflection—it is not always so!

With business so lacking, it is not surprising that those who are able to afford it should take advantage of the fine weather now prevailing to slip away on pleasure bent.

Money is plentiful, and day-to-day loans were done at 1 per cent., whilst two months' fine bills were discounted at 2½ per cent. A few millions sterling had to be found during the week for calls on new issues. Consols have been steady, and really it is about time they pulled themselves together. Some amusement was caused by the statement in one of our dailies that Mr. Lloyd George had met with a snake in part of his ancestral home. A wag was heard to exclaim that it was lucky for the Chancellor that the right sort of snake did not meet him.

The Home Railway market was quiet, and awaits development in the labour market. We have always these little troubles to contend with, and no sooner are things looking hopeful

in this section, we get these labour difficulties to upset our calculations. It was ever so. Nevertheless, Brighton Deferred, Caledonians, and North British Deferred, all showed improvements.

I am inclined to think that holders of Home Rails will see their stocks some points higher during the next few months.

In my last week's letter I called attention to the prospects of Mexican Rails, and suggested that for some weeks to come we were likely to see good traffics. My forecast has been justified by the excellent traffic returns for last month. The trade of Mexico was never better, and working economies are being enforced which must tell their tale. I look forward hopefully to the continued progress of Mexico, and would call special attention to the merits of Mexican Second Preference as a lock up. Day to day speculation is always more or less dangerous. One should take a view ahead and stick to it, and then—well, wait and see! Life is, after all, but a speculation, and that is how our insurance companies live; they don't like us to look upon them in the light of speculators, but that's what it works down to.

A feature of the week has been the continued rise in London General Omnibus stock. It has risen some five points during this week, and as many as fifteen points during the month. The stock now stands at 48, and it is worth recording that during the year it touched the low figure of 17. A recovery of some thirty points must be cheerful reading to the long-suffering shareholders, some of whom doubtless have seen this same stock stand at 148. The cause of the rise is not at present thoroughly understood, but no doubt it is mainly due to the reduction in working expenses.

The Mining Market is still a little disappointing to those who are anxious for a quick movement, but patience should have its reward. Rhodesia is still the most interesting section of the Mining Market; Rhodesian Exploration shares, standing at 3½, are considered a good purchase. The company has paid regular dividends since 1900. It paid its 10 per cent. interim last May, and in November another substantial final for the year is looked for.

A short list of what dividends some of the South African mines paid from 1906 to date may be of interest to some of your readers, if you can spare me your valuable space.

Name of Company.	1905.	1906.	1907.	1908.	1909.	1910.
Apex ... ..	20	45	20	15	12½	5
Central Mining and Invest. ...	—	—	—	—	12½	4½
City and Suburban ... ..	10	12½	10	7½	5	—
Consolidated Goldfields, S.A. ...	15	—	12½	20	85	10
Crown Mines ... ..	—	—	—	—	65	65
De Beers Deferred ... ..	40	55	35	—	20	20
East Rand Proprietary ... ..	20	—	45	42½	40	20
Ferreira ... ..	292½	300	300	300	600	150
Giants (Rhodesia) ... ..	—	7½	15	17½	5	15
Globe & Phoenix ... ..	22½	27½	15	22½	35	75
Harlot ... ..	20	32½	45	65	80	40
Johannesburg Cons. Invest. ...	—	—	—	5	5	10
" Estates ... ..	10	10	5	5	5	2½
Jubilee ... ..	50	50	50	50	50	—
Rand Mines ... ..	100	80	130	190	350	110
Rhodesian Banket ... ..	—	—	—	—	15	15
Village Deep ... ..	—	—	—	10½	15	5
Village Main Reef ... ..	40	40	45	55	70	35

The above list, incomplete as it must be, will, however, show that the dividends have been somewhat fluctuating. The Transvaal Gold output for August was, however, very satisfactory, showing another high record. The labour question is also more favourable. Prospects are on all hands considered good. Modders, Oceanas, and Pigg's Peak are likely to see higher prices. A favourable feature of the West African Market was the spurt in Tarquahs on the news from the mine that rock was going 1½ to 3½ ozs. over a width of 4ft. 6in. Abossoos and Prestea "A" were also in demand.

Hudson's Bays, as I suggested last week, have been a strong market, and rose to over 100, touching 103. The Rubber Market has been very quiet, with one or two weak spots, Highlands and Lowlands being specially depressed on rumours of a possible bad report, but I fancy the cause is due to the serious illness of one of the directors, who is known to have a large holding. Among the cheaper rubber shares I hear that Henriquez Estates should be bought.

I am glad at last to see a marked revival in many of the Brewery shares, especially in the Debentures and Preferences. It is quite time this sadly neglected market had some support. There must be many bargains here for the investor. I noticed Bass Preference had a 3½ point jump to 94.

The "House" is looking forward to an active oil market next month, therefore Oil Ventures, which are soon likely to float a subsidiary, may be a useful purchase. Spies Petroleum have advanced on the report of a large gusher having been struck.—Yours faithfully,

FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

## CORRESPONDENCE

SOME SAYINGS OF J. F. MILLET.

Sir,—The limitations that have necessarily to be observed in the writing of an article precluded my calling attention to the cheap edition (5s. only!) just issued by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein of one of the best books on Millet published in English. The author is Mrs. Ady (Julia Cartwright). It should be a standard work in art schools.

It was also impossible, within the space assigned, to dwell at all upon many characteristics of the great painter's art-views: his almost indifference to Raphael and Da Vinci, his worship of Michelangelo and Nicolas Poussin, his first bewildered misunderstanding and subsequent awe of Rembrandt, with whose genius, however, he never seems to have quite sympathised; his rather contemptuous admiration of Velasquez as a "colourist." Nothing is more significant than the incident of Naegely finding him standing at the Louvre in front of Titian's "Entombment," full of pleased and ever-renewed wonder at the glowing colours, and Millet then taking him to Mantegna's "Crucifixion" and saying, "Ah! where is your Titian now?"

He was, indeed, full of sayings of the most valuable and suggestive kind. Here are a few examples, literally translated.

"One must be able to make the trivial serve for the expression of the sublime, that is the true force."

"In Art you have to give everything—body and soul."

"Art is not a pleasure party. It is a fight, a mill which grinds. I am not a philosopher; I do not wish to suppress pain, nor to find a formula which would make me stoical and indifferent. Pain is perhaps what makes artists express most strongly."

"Every subject is good. All we have to do is to render it with force and clearness. In art we should have one leading thought, and see that we express it in eloquent language, that we keep it alive in ourselves, and impart it to others as clearly as we stamp a medal."

"It is the human side that touches me most in art; and if I could do what I wished, or, at any rate, attempt it, I should do nothing that was not the result of an impression received from an aspect of Nature, whether in landscape or in figures. 'Thou shalt eat bread in the sweat of thy brow.' Is there there that gay, lackadaisical work, in which certain people would like to make us believe? Nevertheless, it is there that there exists for me the true humanity, the great poetry."

"A good labourer never wastes his strength, and expends neither more nor less, but exactly the degree of force that is required for his object."

As to nude women and mythological subjects, he left off painting them about the time of his journey to Barbizon. "Not that I hold that sort of thing to be forbidden, but I do not wish to feel myself compelled to paint them. To tell the truth, peasant subjects suit my nature best, for . . . the human side is what touches me most in art. . . . The joyous side never shows itself to me; I know not if it exists, but I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence, which are so delicious, both in the forest and in the cultivated fields, whether the soil is good for culture or not. You will confess that it always gives you a dreamy sensation, and that the dream is a sad one, although often very delicious."

"Ah! if I could only make others feel as I do all the terrors and splendours of the night," is the beginning of a magnificent outburst.

"Every landscape should contain a suggestion of distance."

"Every object in nature has an individuality."

"To see is to draw. Seeing is to drawing what reading is to writing. An artist should be sure he knows what he means to do before he draws a line or makes a mark on his paper. You should, above all, feel what you are going to draw."

"Nothing must be mentioned but what is fundamental. Every accessory, however ornamental, which is not there for a purpose, and does not complete the meaning of the picture, must be rigidly excluded."

He wishes he could make people "feel the infinite" (percevoir l'infini) in his pictures. Every landscape should give the impression that it is indefinitely prolongable in any direction, that it is only a part of infinity.

Photography, he thought, could well be used as notes for pictures. "They are like casts from nature, which can never be equal to a good statue." [He differs here from G. B. S.'s ridiculous view.] "No mechanism can be a substitute for genius."

He admired some Japanese prints for their simplicity and truth to Nature; but he says "they cannot be compared to Fra Angelico."

He would say: When there is progress there is hope. Make haste slowly. Bring your mind to your work. Rembrandt used to declare, "When I stop thinking, I stop working." There is nothing more dangerous for a painter than facility.

Again: An essential part of an artist's work is the training of the memory. (Here, again, he finds an analogy in writing.) "In order to remember, we must learn to see understandingly. There must be an act of the mind, not merely an opening of the eyes."

"Treatises upon colour and colour harmony are interesting and even useful, if written by one of the great masters (un des forts)—worse than useless if by one without practical knowledge. Harmony of colour, like harmony in music, is a natural instinct."

"Harmony of colour consists more in the just balance of light and dark than in the juxtaposition of certain colours. There must be a perfect balance. The picture must be well composed. Ponderation enfin! La fin du jour, c'est l'épreuve d'un tableau."

"Half-light is necessary in order to sharpen my eyes and clear my thoughts—it has been my best teacher."

"In our own days Art is nothing but an accessory, a pleasing amusement, while in the Middle Age it was one of the pillars of Society as well as its conscience and the expression of its religious sentiment."

He could not understand Socialism, and revolutionary ideas were distasteful to him. "My programme is work." Let a man seek progress and improve daily, thus surpassing his neighbour in superiority of talent and conscientiousness of work. "All else is a dream or a lottery."

"Let no one think they can force me to beautify peasant types. I would rather say nothing than express myself feebly."

Finally, let me quote from an American friend of Millet's:—"Force, well-ordered, well-directed, calm without bustle or excitement [Cf. Tennyson's 'The only joy is calm'], not to be diverted from its aim, that was what Millet loved, and that was what he was."

Yes, he always loved power. Hence his artistic preferences. A strong man, he found his affinity always in his like.—Yours faithfully,  
THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLES.

#### "THE ACADEMY" AND PROSODY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In your issue of September 3 your reviewer of "B. V.'s" essay on Whitman writes as follows:—

"Nothing gives such sing-song to verse as what might be called the 'three-beat' heroic line; and 'B. V.'s' work is full of such lines. Here is a couplet (*sic*) that is set out in this way:—

'At length I heard a murmur as of lips,  
And reached an open oratory hung.'

"Strawn in now and then they give a certain swiftness to a line, but Thomson's mind moved too much in them. Some caviller might cite us the opening line of 'Paradise Lost' as an instance of this—if we remember rightly, Mr. Bridges actually does so in his book on Milton's prosody. But this is to stumble badly, for Milton's prosody is not

Of man's first disobedience and the fruit,"  
but rather

Of man's first disobedience—and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree.

"Quite a different thing!"

I find it very difficult to understand what is meant by a "three-beat" heroic line. Can it be that your reviewer thinks there are only three stresses of this kind of line? It is obvious to me that they are made up of five temporal periods, but carrying only four stresses or beats, that in the fourth place being wanting. The cadence is common enough, as anyone who has looked into Milton's verse must admit. I have counted as many as twelve in "Lycidas." What is more, Milton repeats the cadence exactly as Thomson does in the lines quoted. In "Comus" (lines 23-24) one finds:—

The unadorned bosom of the deep,  
Which he to grace his tributary gods.

This repetition has no unpleasant effect on my ear, but any cadence must tend to lose its beauty if it be repeated very often, more especially when the writer is not a great poet. It may or may not be a mannerism of Thomson's. Your contributor would have been better advised if he had told us how many times it occurs in, say, the "City of Dreadful Night." It is surprisingly easy to make mountains out of mole-hills.

The opening line of "Paradise Lost," although the total rhythm is different, has this in common with Thomson's two lines—it has only four stresses, that in the fourth place failing. There can be no question of Mr. Bridges's stumbling over so elementary a matter. On page 20 of his admirable little book he calls this particular verse a "7 + 3 line: i.e., the break occurs between the 7th and 8th syllables."—I am, yours, etc.,

HESTER BRAYNE.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

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- Peers and Bureaucrats: Two Problems of English Government.* By Ramsay Muir. Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.  
*Mr. Dooley Says.* Wm. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.  
*Natur und Kunstschaffen. Eine Schöpfungskunde.* By Adolf Harpf. Hermann Costenoble, Jena. 5 marks.  
*The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language.* By Hudson Maxim. Illustrated by William Oberhardt. Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York and London. 10s. 6d. net.  
*Some Old Masters.* By John Nevill. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.  
*An Inconsistent Preliminary Objection Against Positivism.* By Robert Ardigo. Translated from the Italian by Emilio Gavrati. W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 1s. net.

### THEOLOGY

- Looking Facts in the Face.* By St. George Stock, M.A. Constable and Co. 3s. 6d. net.  
*A Spiritual Album, giving the Cream of Many Books in One Hopeful and Good for All Times.* The Angelus Co., Norwood. 2s. 6d. net.  
*The Mission of Pain.* By Père Laurent. Translated by L. G. Ping. Burns and Oates. 2s. 6d. net.

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### EDUCATIONAL

- Greek Unseen, being One Hundred Passages for Translation at Sight in Junior Classes.* Selected and Arranged with Introduction by Wm. Lobban, M.A. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 2s.  
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*The Government of the United Kingdom, its Colonies and Dependencies.* By Albert E. Hogan, LL.D., B.A. Second Edition. W. B. Olive, University Tutorial Press. 2s. 6d.  
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*Lady Good-for-Nothing, a Man's Portrait of a Woman.* By "Q." Thomas Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.  
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*Hearts and Coronets.* By Alice Wilson Fox. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

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- Collected Poems.* By Alfred Noyes. Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 2 vols. 10s. net.  
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